

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

SEPTEMBER, 1849.

CONSECRATION DELL.

SUCH is the name, reader, that has been given to that deep, quiet, romantic glen, in the far-famed cemetery of Mt. Auburn, near Boston, where the services of consecration were performed on the twenty-fourth of September, 1831. The view we here have of it is singularly accurate; and the execution of this lovely print can hardly be excelled, if equaled, by any other hand than his who wrought it.

The address for the occasion alluded to was delivered by the lamented Story, whose remains now lie not far from this sacred place. The religious services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Ware and Rev. Mr. Pierpont.

"An unclouded sun," says one of the journals of that day, "and an atmosphere purified by the showers of the preceding night, combined to make the day one of the most delightful we ever experience at this season of the year. It is unnecessary for us to say, that the address by Judge Story was pertinent to the occasion; for if the name of the orator were not sufficient, the perfect silence of the multitude, enabling him to be heard with distinctness at the most distant part of the beautiful amphitheatre in which the services were performed, will be sufficient testimony as to its worth and beauty. Neither is it in our power to furnish any adequate description of the effect produced by the music of the thousand voices which joined in the hymn, as it swelled in chastened melody from the bottom of the glen, and, like the spirit of devotion, found an echo in every heart, and pervaded the whole scene."

The following extract from the address of Judge Story is characteristic of the place, the occasion, and the man:

"Spring will invite thither the footsteps of the young by her opening foliage, and autumn detain the contemplative by its latest bloom. The votary of science will here learn to elevate his genius by the holiest studies. The devout will here offer up the silent tribute of pity, or the prayer of gratitude. The rivalries of the world will here drop from the heart; the spirit of forgiveness will gather new impulses; the restlessness of ambition will be rebuked; vanity will let fall its plumes; and pride, as it sees 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue,' will acknowledge the value of virtue as

far, immeasurably far, beyond that of fame. But that which will ever be present, pervading these shades, like the noonday sun, and shedding cheerfulness around, is the consciousness, the irrepressible consciousness, amidst all these lessons of human mortality, of the higher truth, that we are beings not of time, but of eternity—that this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality—that this is but the threshold and starting point of an existence, compared with whose duration the ocean is but as a drop, nay, the whole creation an evanescent quantity."

Consecration Dell is one of the choicest spots in this almost unrivaled place. The reader, who never saw it, can easily conceive, from the view here given of it, how green, and fresh, and soft a scene it is. A poet, looking for a time upon it, will have his heart stirred, and may indite words of holy import, or be reminded of the soul-language of a brother bard:

"Thou, God, art here: thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of those trees
In music: thou art in the cooler breath
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt: the barked trees, the ground,
The fresh, moist earth, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; nature here,
In the tranquility that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence."

As the reader looks down upon this lovely scene, let him think of his latter days. Let the hour be anticipated, in imagination, when his own body shall lie in some quiet place as lonely as this. It may not be in Consecration Dell; but, what would be still better, in some other dell, he may kneel down and consecrate his soul to God. It has also always appeared to us to be a useful practice for a living man to seek out a choice spot of earth, in some public or private ground, where his own body may be laid in death. A burial lot, occasionally visited and cultivated, will remind us of our mortality, of the great work we have to do prior to our departure to the other world, and of the value of that faith which makes it safe to die.

There is far too little interest taken, in this country, in the work of rendering beautiful the places where we lay the dead.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

"WHAT is man?" asked the shepherd of Palestine, as he was watching his flocks by night, and looking up to the heavens. The same question has been asked, again and again, age after age; but who has answered it? Who *can* answer it? Who can clear away the mystery that hangs over man's being and nature? Of the first consciousness of our own existence we have no memory. By which of the senses we first obtained a knowledge of the material world we cannot now tell. Reason and philosophy teach us that by touch we first derived our notions of materiality. We wave our hand in the air, and feel a slight sensation, which we call resistance. We wave it in the water, and feel a stronger sensation of the same kind. We place our foot on the ground, and feel a still stronger impression of resistance to our will. We thus learn that there is something external to us—something that resists us—something beyond the control of our will.

This first fact which we learn is repugnant to our nature. We abhor resistance. It is painful to the soul. The soul exhibits its antipathy to resistance in those dawnings of the love of power, which the child exhibits among its earliest acts. The struggling of the soul to overcome the resistance of external nature, shows that the connection between soul and body is unnatural. Confinement suits not mind. It aspires to be free—to roam at will through space—from star to star—from sun to sun—from world to world. In its pure, essential state, it knows nothing of limits—nothing of a resisting medium.

"Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

The sense of touch furnishes us only the knowledge of resistance, with form, hardness, magnitude, and extent, as modifications of resistance. Taste and smell acquaint us with qualities of matter of very little consequence to us as means of knowledge, except the practical knowledge, which enables us to choose proper articles of food.

Another organ of sense is found in the ear. Material bodies, when acted on by any force, have the power of vibrating. The vibrations are imparted to surrounding bodies—solid, liquid, or aerial—and by them communicated to the ear, which is so organized as to take up and repeat the vibrations, and thus furnish the mind the sensations we call sound.

Another instrument of the soul is sight. The various bodies in nature have the power of reflecting, each for itself, different shades of light—some blue, some green, some red, and others various colors formed by a combination of primary colors. The eye is so constituted as to receive these colors, and thus afford the mind the sensation we call vision. The only notions, however, we primarily obtain by sight are color, light, and shade.

We see, therefore, how small is the sum of human

knowledge directly derived through the senses—resistance, taste, odors, sounds, color, light, and shade; that is all. From whence, then, derive we the innumerable ideas forming our stock of knowledge?

The senses are merely instruments of mind. The eye does not see. It sees no more than the telescope does. It enables the mind to see. The ear hears not. It hears no more than the drum hears its own beating, or the organ its own music. The drum beats, the drum of the ear answers to the beat, and the mind hears. The organ sounds, the organ of hearing sounds in unison, and the mind hears. Whatever sound is made by sonorous bodies is repeated by the material organ of sense, and the mind is affected by the sensation.

The same power which enables mind to use the eye as the instrument of seeing, the ear as the instrument of hearing, and the hand as the instrument of feeling, also enables the same mind to combine and modify the notions of color, sound, and touch, so as to acquire the wonderful variety and amount of knowledge we possess. Wonderful, indeed, is the variety of ideas derived from sight, combined with touch, and modified by intellect. From my rural seat I see the surface of earth covered with vegetation. The green grass is springing in a thousand spires at my feet. At my elbow a youthful and vigorous pine is throwing its tassels to the summer breeze. At my side is blooming a rose on its native stock. Just before me is a cluster of lilies, white and pure as virgin innocence. Behind me, leaning gently over my head, and by its dense foliage protecting me effectually from the burning heat of the sun, is an old beech, and close by it a tall maple. A thousand varying lights and shades are beaming before me. I recognize within the sphere of vision innumerable objects of God's creation—the cedar, the fir, the spruce, the birch, and the tamarack, from my own native north; the orange, the lemon, and the cactus, from the sunny south; and the pink, the violet, the locust, the oak, the elm, the pear, the peach, the plum, the apple, and the grape of this fair land. Along the valley is leaping the brook. On the ridge beyond appears the tender blade of green corn. On the north appears the village with its spires, and on the south a rural landscape, with flocks and herds feeding on the hillside. Can it be that all these variant ideas are derived merely from color, light, and shade? Even so; nothing but color, light, and shade. All else is the work of mind—of mind which can thus, from a few simple elements, create so vast an amount of knowledge. Did we, from the fact that the elements of all our knowledge in the present state of existence are derived through the senses, restrict our belief within the range of sensuous existence, we should reason contrary to experience and philosophy. And few are found to reason thus. Few there are who believe in the existence of no beings beyond the cognizance of the human senses. Is there, indeed, one solitary human creature, of common intelligence, on the surface of this

earth, who believes in no personal existences, except those of flesh and blood? The bird in its cage, though he may never have had a mate, nor tried the free air with his pinions, seems yet conscious that there is a world about him, and other beings related to him; so the imprisoned spirit of man, looking out from its dark abode only through the grated windows of the senses, has, deep in its inmost recesses, a consciousness of some mysterious connection with congenial existences—spirits of the air, of the earth, or of the deep.

The notion of some connection between us and a spiritual world and spiritual beings, is not with us so much a matter of belief as a sentiment—an instinct. It seems born in us. It grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. He that believes nothing—the utter skeptic—if such a one there be, feels this sentiment in its full force and influence. With our ideas of spiritual beings is usually associated superiority. This led, in ancient times, to acts of devotion and propitiation. The polished Greeks and warlike Romans peopled their forests and their fields, their hills and their valleys, their rivers and their seas, with spiritual beings, whom they invoked and worshiped. They worshiped Jupiter; but, with them, Jupiter personified the air, and was a substitute for that great spiritual Being who presides over the seasons, the atmosphere, and the weather. They worshiped Venus; but Venus, with them, was the ideal of beauty, whose forms they saw everywhere in nature—on the earth, in the sky, in human action, and in human face. They were led to believe in some ideal being of spiritual nature, whose care and skill arranged the beautiful, and whom they worshiped under the human female form. The Egyptians worshiped the Nile; yet no intelligent Egyptian ever believed the Nile conscious; but he *felt* that there was some unseen agent—some spiritual Being presiding over the river, and whose providence superintended its overflow and its ebb. They worshiped the ram, not that they believed it superior to any other beast, but because it was a representative of that great constellation in the heavens whose annual return brings the spring, and over whose revolution presides the great Being who governs the universe.

In all ages, men have *felt* that they have yet some connection with the spirits of those departed from earth. The sybil of Endor believed she could call back the spirit of the prophet. Orpheus attempted to call back from the realms of Proserpine, by the tones of his lyre, the spirit of Eurydice. Æneas believed he saw the spirit of Creusa, who perished in the sacking of the city, and that of Palinurus, who was drowned in the waves.

So deep-rooted in the human constitution is the belief in the personal and conscious existence of those who were once of us, but are now gone from earth, and of their continued connection with us children of earth, that it seems to have entered into the religious creed of a great portion of the Christian

world. What but this induces the Catholic devotee to kneel to the Virgin and pray to the saints? He only feels, as we all do, that there are spiritual influences and spiritual beings around him. He is taught to believe that the spirits of the good may have with the Divine presence access, which is denied him, and that they may serve as mediators between him and the great Spirit that rules all things.

And who of us may not have felt the influence of the same all-pervading sentiment? Who has not knelt over the grave of his mother, or his companion, or his child, and felt so strong attractions of communion of spirit with the loved one sleeping below, as to force audible words from his lips? At such a time, and in such a place, there are holy thoughts springing up in the soul. Visions of glorious scenery appear spread over the broad ethereal landscape of mind. Forms of beauty—beauty such as earth knows not—pass and repass before us. We seem to hear sweet voices from the spirit land, and the gentle whisper of peace and of holy delight from lips whose earthly prototypes have long since been pallid and cold. Tell me not, ye groveling, miserly, sensuous mortals, tell me not there is no communion of soul with soul—no commingling of affection—no intercourse of feeling—no reciprocal breathings of spirit between the sojourner in materiality and the sainted spirit who has put off this mortal vail, and assumed the white robe of spiritual fabric. There is but a thin partition between this earthly house of our tabernacle and the apartments of the spiritual mansion in which dwell the happy ones. With ears attuned to spiritual harmony, and from which the grosser sounds of earth are shut out, we may, even now, hear, as did the apostle when caught up to heaven, words of spiritual import, which mortal tongue may not utter. There is but a light mist—a shadowy cloud—a thin vapor of sensuousness, which conceals from our eyes the glorious landscape of the spiritual world. Occasionally the cloud may be broken, the mist dispersed, and there may appear glimpses of a fairer world, and more lovely forms, than earth ever disclosed, or humanity exhibited. Elevating is the effect and holy the influence of these spiritual communings. The enraptured mortal, who has had one glimpse of the immortal, would fix his eye for ever on the scene. The famishing child of earth, who has had one earnest of spiritual communion, would hold for ever to his parched lips the delicious cup. Insipid after this become the intoxicating draughts of sensuous pleasure. The soul becomes elevated above the damps, and vapors, and fogs of sense, and lives in a higher, a purer, and more transparent atmosphere.

The consciousness of the spiritual forms the foundation of our belief in God. The ancients, in their reliance on second causes, fell short of the great First Cause. Their error lay not in believing in no God, but in too many gods. Spiritual influences they could not deny. To these agencies they imputed all the operations of the physical world.

On them, as well on us, the inherent sentiment of the spiritual forced the idea of Deity; and revelation teaches us, what nature did not teach them, that God is *one*. The older revelation does not so much reveal the fact that there is a God, as that there is but one God. The former man's own reason and nature teach him. The latter revelation only teaches. Our belief in a future existence rests on the same foundation. We feel that we are connected with the spiritual world, and with the spirits of the departed. We feel, too, that we shall live in spirit, though dead in body. We feel that death forms no part of the destiny of mind. Death seems to us only sound, undisturbed, wakeless sleep. To the Christian philosopher, the only difference between the sleep of a night and the sleep of death is one of time. The sleep of the grave is long. Nor can we wake at will, nor be aroused, though wife and children call us long and loud. But to both—to the night and to the grave—there comes a morning. To the sleep of night there comes the sunshine and the day—to the sleep of death there comes a brighter sunshine and a day to which there comes no night. Our faith in divine revelation rests, also, on this spiritual sentiment of our nature. This sentiment forms a foundation which, in the well-balanced mind, may defy the spiteful dashings of Deism, and the deep-rolling surges of Atheism. We but see, in the book of revelation, the reflected image, from a bright and polished mirror, of the spiritual creations of our own consciousness. Our faith is not so much founded on logic and reason, as on sentiment and consciousness. The words of Jesus become to us spirit and life. We drink them into the soul. The truths of religion become a part of our constitution, and of our mental furniture. Our faith in Christianity thus becomes living and active. Its effect is diffused through the whole character. It forms the warp which, interwoven with the practical filling, constitutes the web of a religious life.

Our belief in spiritual existences leads us to form ideals of whatever we love or admire. We personify truth, and love, and goodness, and whatever is beautiful or admirable. The same law of human nature led to the ideal creations of gods, and goddesses, and nymphs, and naids of classic mythology. The genii of the Arabian tales, and the fairies of the English nursery, may be traced to the same source. And may not the passion for fiction have its origin in the same cause? There is generally some poetry in fiction, and always fiction in poetry. In its ideal creations we find food for our mental appetite more congenial than the every-day furnishings of human life. The only antidote for fiction is the habitual contemplation of the lofty and noble subjects of the Divine attributes and a future life. He who, in his hours of philosophic meditation and religious devotion, converses with angels and spirits, will have little appetite for communion with the characters that teem in the brain of the novel-writer. He who is accustomed to the lofty

thoughts of moral sublimity and the ineffable glories of spirituality, will find little pleasure in the puerile plots and flash language of players and novelists. His soul becomes elevated above all reliance on these futile means of excitement and pleasure. He needs not fiction for an antidote to ennui; for he is never alone. Angels and spirits are his companions, and holy thoughts form to him a delightful substitute for the sensuous imaginings of the groveling heart. If we are thus conscious of spiritual natures and spiritual influences, (and that we are none will deny,) and if spirit does operate on spirit, (and there is no more mystery in spirit operating on spirit than on matter, if so much mystery,) then do those reason contrary to philosophy, who deny the influence of the Spirit of God on the spirit of man in regeneration. We know not how it is done; nor do we know how the spirit of man controls his body; nor how one spirit affects another. "The wind bloweth," saith Jesus, "where it listeth; and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." That the Spirit of God may operate on the spirit of man is matter of philosophy and reason. That it does thus operate is matter of fact and consciousness. Our own consciousness is a means of knowledge not to be gainsayed nor resisted, and of which we only can judge, and none other intermeddleth therewith.

It is evident that while the senses are aids to the mind in acquiring knowledge in this corporeal state, they, in their present imperfect condition, would be obstructions in the way of pure, unembodied spirit. The body itself will, however, become, in a future life, spiritual, and all its senses spiritual. The grossness of materiality will be all worked out of the system. Dullness of hearing and imperfection of seeing will trouble us no more. The senses we now have we shall possess, in our spiritual and immortal state, in greater perfection than ever fell to the lot of humanity. We shall taste of the fruit of the tree of life, and of the water that floweth forth from the throne. We shall certainly hear—for there is music in heaven—music sweeter than the tones combined in harmony of the lyre of Apollo, the lute of Orpheus, and the harp of the winds. There is the music of sweet voices—voices, alas! no more heard amidst the rough sounds of earth—voices of a great multitude, which no man can number, all tuned in harmony, with an accompaniment of the harps of heaven, singing a new song—the song of redemption and salvation. Do our mortal ears ever catch the distant echoes of that heavenly music? The shepherds of Palestine heard the song of the angels when the Savior was born. And if our hearts be pure, and our thoughts turned toward heaven, we may seem to hear the voices of the loved ones of the soul, gone from earth, mingled with those heavenly strains. Then, let the corporeal senses perish; let the rose bloom, and shed its odors in vain over the senseless nostril; let the hand be palsied in death, and folded for the last

time over the sleeping bosom; let the ear be untuned to sounds, nor vibrate at the voice of the birds, nor of music, nor of love; let the eye be closed—let the sleep of death come over it—let the sod cover it, nor the sunlight of earth ever reach it: the soul has other ears, and other eyes, far more perfect than these material ones, and with them it will hear heavenly harmonies, and see heavenly prospects.

Tell me not that there is no future life for the soul. Tell me not that this earth is the boundary of mind. Tell me not that beauty fades—that memory fails—that ideas are erased—that thought is evanescent—that knowledge is lost. I *feel*—I *know* it is not so. Should you present your mathematical diagrams, and prove, with a rigidity that Euclid, nor Newton, nor La Place ever attained, that man has no connection with a spiritual world—no future life—no immortal existence, I should not believe you. I should know there must be some fallacy in your reasoning; for I should *feel* that your conclusion was inconsistent with my own consciousness. Let, therefore, the sensuous wallow on in the mire. Let the earthy grovel in the dust. Let the miserly ransack the rubbish. Let the groveling plod along in the by-roads and muddy lanes of sense, asking no question but, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" But thou, child of immortality, ethereal creature of spirituality, heir of heavenly inheritance, leave the beggarly elements of earth, and elevate your thoughts, your affections to that spiritual world, with which you are now connected by those surpassingly constituted organs of interior life—those perfect instruments of the intellect and of the soul—for which mortals have yet found no name. And when your corporeal senses have done their work, and perished with the body, your spiritual senses will acquire an acuteness, and exhibit a perfection, which will leave nothing to be desired as a means of knowledge and of happiness through eternity.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

BY RHODA A. FARSELL.

TIME is the surface of a sea,
Whose depth is vast eternity,
Over which, awhile, our moments sweep,
Then sink into the boundless deep.

Our existence here is but a wave,
On which we pass into the grave;
Life's frail bark soon disappears
In the abyss of ceaseless years.

Six thousand years have billowed on,
And millions of our race are gone;
Ages in quick succession go,
To mingle with the deep below.

Soon the present will be gone,
And fast the future hastens on—
Soon will the present and the future be
Lost in the ages of eternity—

Soon will end our terrestrial stay,
And earth's dying objects pass away—
Soon will the universe itself decline,
And sink beneath the wreck of time.

MY MOTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

BY W. K.

DEAR MOTHER, I'll sit me down again,
As I us'd to sit by thee,
In the days long past—those bright days—when
Thou wert all the world to me.

Thou calledst me then thy darling boy,
And thy lip was press'd to mine;
And I read in thy eye a holy joy,
As my hand was clasp'd in thine.

O, I mind me well when childish grief
Made the tear from my eyelid start;
'Twas on thy bosom I found relief,
And a calm for my troubled heart.

I remember, too, that sweet old bower
On the bank of the rippling rill,
Whither thou laidst me at evening hour,
When nature was hush'd and still.

And kneeling beside thee, mother, there,
With thy hand upon my brow,
I was taught by thee those words of prayer,
Which live in my memory now.

O, I bless thee now, my mother dear,
And I'll bless thee evermore,
For the kind words whisper'd in my ear,
In those good old days of yore.

I have wander'd long and far since then,
And I've felt the world's rude blast;
But there rushes upon my heart again,
Sweet memories of the past.

No more, dear mother, I'll part from thee—
Never more from thee I'll stray;
But thy feeble age shall lean on me,
And I'll smile thy cares away.

And thus, till the day of life is past,
I will ne'er from thee be driven;
And when thou sleepest in death at last,
I will love thee still—in heaven.

LET shining charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

NUMBER III.

BY JONATHAN.

The "White House"—Statue of Jefferson—Presidential Levee—Appointments of the Executive Mansion—Reception-Room—Green-Room—President Polk—Mrs. Polk—Buchanan—Judge M'Lean—Mrs. Bliss—Gen. Cass—The East Room—Mrs. Madison—Mrs. Hamilton

A LEVEE was held by President Polk, at the Presidential mansion, on Wednesday evening of the last week of his administration. We had never witnessed one of these occasions in our own country, and were somewhat eager to attend, for the purpose of paying our respects to the retiring President, as well as of observing the display of republican court life at the metropolis.

Before the hour of reception, we went to see the exterior of the mansion and its adjacent grounds. The "White House" is one of the metropolitan "lions." Every visitor must, of course, glance at it; and it is really well worth a visit; for, notwithstanding some croaking critics, its position is beautiful, and the structure itself not a little imposing.

The mansion is constructed of white free stone. It consists of two stories—is one hundred and seventy feet in front and eighty-six deep. Its northern front presents an imposing portico of Ionic columns, beneath which the carriages of visitors drive. Spread out before the portico is an ample inclosed arena, well planned with gravel walks; but the chief attraction of which is a spirited bronze statue of Jefferson that stands in the centre. It is considered one of the best specimens of art in the country. The figure is defined with minutest exactness and skill, the likeness is said to be quite accurate, and the attitude and expression are remarkably appropriate. The great democrat stands on a pedestal, holding in his right hand a pen, while from his left depends the "*Declaration of Independence*." The moment represented by the artist is that in which the document was finished; and the expression of the face and whole figure is true to the time. There is on the countenance a spirited yet serious and determined air, such as we may justly suppose to have set upon the brow of the statesman at the moment when he completed the renowned paper, which was destined to influence so much the history of the world. The whole Declaration is legibly engraved on the bronze scroll, with a *fac simile* of his autograph appended. This fine work was executed in Paris, and presented to the country by Capt. Levy, who is now owner of the house of Jefferson at Monticello.

The southern front of the "White House" commands a prospect which comprehends the gardens of the mansion, with their meandering gravel walks, and a near view of the Potomac, that widens and curves here in grand and graceful beauty. There is, in fine, a mixed air of roominess and grace, of

solidity and lightness, about the whole mansion, which cannot fail of pleasing effect.

The levee began at eight o'clock in the evening, though the fashionable hour of arrival at the mansion is ten o'clock. We went early, that we might have full opportunity for our observations. We entered a large hall from the portico on the northern front, and were directed by the servants—the ladies to the right and gentlemen to the left—into small apartments, where our cloaks, hats, &c., were to be deposited, not without risk of extensive exchanges before midnight. Meeting again in the hall, we fell into the current which had already become dense and strong, and were borne by it into the Reception-room, so-called, though the President and his lady were receiving the throng in the next apartment.

We passed out of the procession here to look around us a few minutes. The paper of the apartment attracted attention by its peculiar beauty. It is pearl white, with a delicate gilt figure. The whole garniture of the apartment is in fine taste. The carpet is wrought with figures of baskets of flowers on a fawn-colored ground. The centre-table is of white marble. The frame of the pier-table is richly gilt, and covered with a white marble top. The chairs and sofas have similarly gilt frames, and are covered with blue and white damask, and the curtains are of the same material, lined with red silk. The mirrors and a grand chandelier give a beautiful effect to the whole at night.

Stepping again into the procession, we were carried along into the next apartment, known as the "Green-Room." It is square, some thirty by twenty-two feet. Gilt again predominates in the furniture, and white and green damask in the curtains and cushions. The floor is covered by a dark Wilton carpet. Mirrors and a brilliant chandelier enhance its beauty. This was the reception-room for the evening. President Polk and his lady stood on a line with the doors of entrance and exit, shaking hands with, or bowing cordially to all that passed. They entered heartily into the task, and a most onerous one it was; for it is estimated that at least five thousand persons passed through the apartments during the evening—the largest number, probably, that ever visited the house on one night.

The President looked remarkably well, and overflowed with spirits and cordiality. He is advancing down the "vale of years." His hair, sleekly combed behind his ears, is quite gray, though it was black when he entered the Executive residence. There is a certain staid, if not stern, expression, about his features, which resembles much the aspect of the old orthodox divines of New England, as seen in their portraits. He would pass well for a sound, steadfast, orthodox clergyman.

Mrs. Polk has earned a distinguished reputation by the propriety and grace with which she has presided at the Presidential mansion. None of her predecessors have excelled her. She is a lady of

high accomplishments; and these are enhanced by strictly Christian sentiments and habits. Though, from her religious scruples, she banished dancing, cards, and similar amusements from the Executive residence, yet has she really rendered it more attractive than ever, by the perfect amenity and social ease which she has introduced into it. She is tall and vigorous in figure, and at once masculine and benignant in aspect. Her features are expressive of strong sense and firm purpose, but glow, also, with a warmth of heart that wins your confidence immediately and entirely. She was richly dressed on the present occasion—too much so, we thought, for her dignified position, which, certainly, needs not an aristocratic display of finery and wealth to secure it respect. Her manners were marked by the utmost ease and heartiness, and the crowd pressed about her with such affection and eagerness, that it had to be barricaded off by a stout chair. The apartment rang with the warm compliments and adieus which were poured forth upon her from the passing multitude. Around her were assembled a splendid group of ladies, who evidently copied her regard for dress. Beyond these stood several diplomatic characters, mixed with Cabinet officers—Bodisco, of Russia, and his beautiful American wife, Poussin, of France, Calderon, of Spain, Rosas, of Mexico, &c. They were not fully *en costume*, but were generally distinguishable by badges. Mr. Buchanan's tall, noble person and snow white head, was seen above the surrounding mass. Judge M'Lean, with a lady on each arm, was a marked figure in the promenade—high, robust, dignified, and benignant, with a head that would have befitted Plato. Ex-President Houston commanded attention by the imposing magnitude and dignity of his form, but still more by the graceful young lady, in the extreme of simple and tasteful dress, that he led upon his arm. She was the bride of Major Bliss, the daughter of the hero of Buena Vista, and the future presiding genius of the noble edifice whose apartments she was now treading for the first time. All hearts sympathized with her happy fortunes, and many a one, doubtless, uttered the prayer that her young life might not be marred, in its virtues or its happiness, by the crowd of auspices (not always fortunate) which had so suddenly gathered about her.

Gen. Cass moved with calm and philosophic dignity amidst the crowd. He had, doubtless, indulged strong hopes of entering this very edifice, clothed with the sovereignty and surrounded by the homage of the nation; but he was here as a mere spectator—one among the common herd of spectators—a contrast between the hopes and realizations of life such as falls to the lot of few among the millions of our world's population; yet—impressive illustration of the republican simplicity and virtue of our country!—the man who could almost feel himself secure of the highest power and honor of the new world, if not of all the world, resigns quietly, under the mandate of the public

voice, the exalted hope, and passes obediently into the inferior services of his country, nay, mingles, with dignity and self-respect, amidst the plaudits and pageants with which his competitor is exalted into the lost seat of power and fame!

Many other persons of distinction mingled in the throng—too many for further allusion here. Falling again into the promenade, we were carried along into the East room, a magnificent apartment, eighty feet long, forty wide, and twenty-two high. The carpet, manufactured expressly for the room, is figured with the American eagle, and woven of orange, crimson, and brown colors. The chairs and sofas are of mahogany, covered with splendidly-flowered worsted. The curtains are of crimson damask, hanging from rich gilt mountings. Three large chandeliers light it, while the black marble mantles, the large and richly-gilt mirrors, the vases, marble tables, &c., form one of the richest interior *tout ensembles* we have yet seen in this country. The apartment received by one door the procession of visitors from the preceding rooms, and allowed them exit by another into the vestibule or hall, and thence into the portico. A company of Indians in costume, and with painted faces, held their levee at one side of the room. A young and rather pretty squaw imitated the Presidentess, and received the salutations of the visitors with not a little grace. The crowd in this apartment presented specimens of the whole motley assembly: the young in their simplicity and grace, the decayed fantastic in their attempts to disguise the effects of age, the military or naval officer in uniform, the starred diplomat, the dignified Cabinet secretary, the grave judge of the Supreme Court, the white neckerchiefed clergyman, the office-holder in anxious suspense, the office-seeker in anxious expectancy, and the Indian savage—nearly all European and American nations were there represented.

We twice promenaded through the series of rooms, and were glad at last to escape into a freer air.

* * * * *

I have referred to several of the distinguished personages at Washington. It would be unpardonable to pass by two who remain from the "good old regime" of the early Presidents, and are still flourishing in the social society of Washington. Mesdames Madison and Hamilton are united by the memories of the past, as well as by the warmest friendship. Both are considered almost indispensable attractions in the society of the national metropolis, and their houses are open daily for the reception of visitors, however humble. No invitation or introduction is necessary; you are admitted, and your homage received as a matter of course.

Mrs. Madison is certainly eighty years of age; and though her parents were Quakers, and she educated in their tenets, yet is she as gay a social companion, and (*sub rosa*) as much given to the usual feminine tastes for dress and effective accomplishments as any young belle of the city. She was born in North Carolina, while her parents were

there on a visit from Virginia. When quite young she was married to Mr. Todd, a lawyer of Philadelphia, who early left her a widow, with an infant son, still living, I believe. She is said to have possessed remarkable charms of person and manners at this early period, and to have gathered around her, in Philadelphia, a large circle of admirers. Mr. Madison was then a distinguished member of Congress, which sat in that city at the time. He married her in 1794. It is said that their long domestic life was spent in the greatest affection and felicity. She was surrounded with the blessings of opulence, and used them with a generous liberality. It was during Jefferson's administration that she drew public attention by the distinguished courtesy of her manners at the Presidential mansion. Her husband, being Secretary of State, resided in the metropolis, and, in the absence of Jefferson's daughters, she took charge of the social ceremonies of the mansion. She introduced there, and maintained during the husband's administrations, the refinement of European courtesy, and so combined it with the simplicity of republican manners, as to attract universal admiration; and no lady, excepting Mrs. Polk, has equaled her administration of the household ceremonies of the Executive residence. She is exceedingly lady-like in her manners, wears the turban invariably, uses a little rouge, it is whispered, (what will not gossip whisper!) preserves an unabated love of company and social assemblies, and frequents them by night as well as by day. Of course she abounds in most entertaining reminiscences of the olden times. Her fortune has decayed in latter years; but Congress has extended her some relief by purchasing the papers of her distinguished husband.

Mrs. Hamilton is in her ninety-second year, but exceedingly active. She is small in person, vivacious, and minutely polite. Washington does not afford a greater converser, except it may be in the person of her own accomplished daughter, who attends her with filial fidelity. The veteran lady dresses with taste, is noted for her charities to the poor, and the sprightly entertainment she invariably affords in company. She has resided most of the time in New York, but has now taken a house on Capitol Hill, and become a permanent inhabitant of Washington. She has seen all our Presidents inaugurated, and retains, with her vivid remembrance of the past, the liveliest interest in all the moral and political questions of the day. She is a liberal patroness of numerous public charities, and devotes herself to them with much zeal. Her protracted life has had its dark eras; not only her husband, but one of her sons fell in duels.

HOPE.

Hope, like the taper's gleaming light,
Adorns the wretch's way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. GOLDSMITH.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

FROM A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE STREETS OF PARIS.

STREET OF THE SPEAKING WELL.

FAIR AND GENTLE READER, it is no romance which I lay before you, but a simple tale, whose truth is attested by various notes found in the old records of Paris. The name of the pious Lady Eleanore is still spoken with reverence by mothers, when they relate to their children her trials and sufferings, her faith and its final triumph; and many a pilgrimage is still made to the spot where she lived and died.

The records tell us that Eleanore was the only child of a poor mercer of Paris, who lived nearly nine hundred years ago. Paris was then, you may be sure, a very different place from what it is now; but still it contained, as now, the rich and the poor, the good and the bad; and there were the same heart-burnings, and envy, and jealousy, and ambition, as are found now-a-days.

Maitre Jaques had always managed, by close attention to his little shop, to keep out of debt, and support himself and Eleanore at least comfortably. Though poor, there were many of their neighbors who were poorer; and the mercer and his daughter always had something to give in charity.

Eleanore was the pride of the whole quarter, and seemed to be regarded almost as public property; and the neighbors were all as jealous of her little attentions, as the Parisians are now of the smiles of their favorite dancer. Indeed, she seemed to carry a ray of sunshine wherever she went; and the names of angel, rose, lily, were addressed to her so naturally, that at last her name of Eleanore was dropped altogether. From childhood to womanhood she grew up beloved and respected, and as happy in her round of humble duties as a young lark.

She had just attained her seventeenth year, when there came to reside in the neighborhood an old Baron, who soon made himself the terror of every body. He bought a large house, kept a long train of servants, and rode in a gilded coach, which he, doubtless, thought very fine; but his ferocious face, and the brutal language he addressed to his servants, made all the people run from before him. There were some, however, who, although afraid of him, envied the Baron his wealth and power of display. Among this number, I am sorry to say, was Maitre Jaques, the mercer. When he heard of the casks of rare wine with which the Baron's cellars were filled, and of the sumptuous repasts to which he sat down every day, he felt his heart throb with a feeling unknown until then. Never had Eleanore appeared to him so lovely, and never had the young workmen, who occasionally stopped to talk with her, seemed so rough and coarse. Ambition to see his daughter the wife of the Baron soon took complete possession of the father's heart, and, day after day, he racked his brains to find some excuse for

presenting her to his rich neighbor. Fortune at last favored him; for one evening, as the Baron was riding out, his horse threw him, and his alarmed servants brought their insensible master into the house of the mercer, as being the nearest to the place where the accident occurred. Ignorant of her father's designs, Eleanore came forward, and, with her accustomed sweetness, hastened to render what relief she could to their unfortunate guest. It was soon found that he was badly hurt, and could not be removed. Four days the Baron remained under the roof of the delighted Maitre Jaques, who closed his store entirely, in order to attend unremittingly upon the wounded man. He was very careful, too, that Eleanore should be constantly by his side; and he soon perceived that the Baron was not insensible to her loveliness. In short, the day he left their house the rich man made a formal demand for Eleanore's hand. Her father could not conceal his delight, and, without consulting the young girl, the bargain was concluded.

The Baron's wealth had certainly turned the father's head, or he could not have remained unmoved by the prayers and entreaties of poor Eleanore when she was informed of the fate which awaited her. She pleaded in vain; a few days respite was all that was allowed her, and she was borne to the altar, married, and carried in triumph to her new home. Maitre Jaques was in ecstasies, and went about all day among his neighbors, telling of the immense riches of the Baron, of his gold and silver plate, and his jewels, all of which were now his daughter's. There were some of the neighbors who sighed to hear the father talk so exultingly; but they would not damp his joy by expressing their forebodings. But this forbearance of the neighbors availed little; for, the very next day, poor Maitre Jaques received a message from the Baron to the effect that he must not presume to approach the palace, or claim any relationship whatever with the Baroness. The father's heart was troubled at this. He forgot his pride, and went to his little room, thought of his daughter, and wept. For the first time he felt his conscience upbraid him. He remembered all he had heard of the Baron, of his brutal temper and irregular habits, and he asked himself, Would Eleanore, who had always lived in an atmosphere of love—would she be spared the effects of her husband's tyranny?

Weeks, months passed away, and the old man heard nothing of his daughter. It is true, vague rumors reached him that she had already fallen under her husband's displeasure, and was fast failing in health; but the poor father refused to give credit to the stories. At last, a year after the marriage, a short note was brought him from Eleanore, telling him that she was the mother of a beautiful boy, and that she prayed for her father. That was all. It had evidently been penned in the greatest haste; and though it spoke not a word of her unhappiness, the fact that it had been found in the street by a neighbor, with a stone attached to it, was suf-

ficient proof that the young girl was not free in her own house.

But what would have been the father's distress could he have known the true condition of his child! From the first week of her marriage, Eleanore had endured nothing but unkindness and neglect from the Baron. He refused to allow her time to attend to her religious duties, and forced her to preside at his frequent banquets, where none but spirits as degraded as himself ever met. Eleanore bore it all with Christian meekness, hoping that her prayers and her patience would at last soften her husband's heart. But in a fit of passion, one day, the Baron ordered her to be imprisoned in the tower of the palace, which was accordingly done. Far from being a punishment, this was for Eleanore a reward. She had, for her companions, her maid and a pious old servant, who had also fallen under the Baron's displeasure; and in the tower she was far removed from the sounds of the orgies which were daily taking place in the main part of the palace. Here she became calm, if not happy, and here she gave birth to her little boy. As she pressed her infant in her arms, and felt its little soft cheek against her own, her past troubles were all forgotten, and the future seemed almost radiant before her. The boy grew finely, and already had Eleanore begun to teach his infant lips to repeat a prayer for his wicked father, when an unlooked-for catastrophe overwhelmed the poor mother. One evening, as she sat holding the child, and listening to the pious conversation of her fellow-prisoner, a man entered the room, and announced that the Baron was entertaining some friends, and had sent for his child to show it to them. Eleanore's fears were instantly aroused, and she refused to comply with the demand. The messenger insisted, and, finally, watching his opportunity, snatched the little fellow from his mother's arms, and sprang from the room before either Eleanore or her companion could make an effort to stop him. It is useless to try to depict the mother's distress. The old servant tried to comfort her by saying that, bad as he was, the Baron would never harm his child, and that it would certainly be restored to her. But hour after hour passed away, and the child was not brought back. Days rolled themselves into weeks, and yet the heart-stricken woman, in her lonely tower, heard no tidings of the little one so dear to her. At last, one day, an order was brought to her to quit the palace, as the Baron was about to marry again, and felt willing, under the circumstances, to grant her her liberty. Shocked as Eleanore was at the idea of this new crime, she was not permitted to say a word, but, though she implored on her knees one word in regard to her child, she was thrust from the house without receiving the slightest consolation. The discarded woman sought her father's house, but, when arrived, heard that the old man had died, a few months before, of grief and remorse.

Alone, deserted by all the world, Eleanore

determined to devote her future years to prayer for the conversion of her husband and the restoration of her child. She looked around for a retreat where, alone and without danger of interruptions, she could consecrate her whole time to religion.

In a retired court, near the Baron's palace, was a deep well, which, as it contained no water, was of no use to any body. In this well Eleanore, still young, still surpassingly beautiful, (she had not yet attained her twentieth year,) resolved to bury herself. She caused a bed, a chair, and a desk for prayer to be lowered into it, and then descended herself, relying upon the kindness of her old neighbors for daily food. She never came up, never saw the world again, but devoted herself to her work of prayer in the full faith that her sacrifice would be rewarded in the end.

The story of her life and her singular retreat soon became spread abroad, and immediately hundreds of the poor population of Paris and the villages flocked to the well to ask a blessing or a prayer from a woman so pious. No one ever descended, but, from the bottom of the well, Eleanore's sweet and flute-like voice reached the ears of the pilgrims, giving them good counsel, encouraging them in the pursuit of the right way, and promising to all her daily prayers. None ever left the well without feeling as if a ray of heaven's own light had entered their soul; and it is stated that Eleanore's exhortations produced more effect than all the sermons of the priests.

Thus years passed away, and still she remained in her retreat, still hoping, still believing that her prayers would not go unanswered.

Ten years after her retreat, a voice from the brink of the well called to her, one day, begging her prayers for a dying sinner. Eleanore heard the voice and turned pale; it was that of the Baron, her husband. Attacked with a fatal malady, as he felt his end approach, his past sins rose up in terrible array before him. He trembled when he thought of the sinful manner in which his life had been spent; but, most of all, he felt how black had been his conduct toward his young wife. The efforts of the priest were unavailing to console him, and finally he ordered his servants to carry him to the well, that he might at least ask Eleanore's pardon before he died. All this he told her; and, farther, he related how deep was his remorse when he thought of his child, whom he had sent to a relation in a foreign country, but of whom he had never since received any tidings. Eleanore listened in silence. She knew from the tone of the Baron's confessions that he was truly penitent. She gave him her full forgiveness, told him to return to his palace, and pray for himself, while she, also, would pray more earnestly for him. But he knew his end to be so near, that he refused to leave the brink of the well. A canopy was raised over him, and there he remained, receiving, with the humility of a child, the admonitions and exhortations of his wife until death came and closed his eyes.

The conversion of the Baron was something so extraordinary to all who had known him, that they could regard it in no other light than as a miracle performed by his much-injured wife. To Eleanore herself the fact was not surprising. She had prayed so earnestly, that the misguided man should not die in his sins, that she had felt confident of a favorable answer. Now that this great work was accomplished, her whole soul was thrown into prayers for her child, whom she believed to be still living.

Her reputation for holiness increased continually, and finally a pilgrimage to the well, and a blessing from the pious woman who inhabited it, came to be thought as necessary as the Mohammedans once deemed a journey to Mecca.

But Eleanore began to feel the weight of years upon her. The bloom of youth had died upon her cheek, her black hair had long since turned gray, and still she prayed on—hoped on. The mother's heart never sank. To see once more the child she had loved so well, to hear his voice, and to bless him before she died, was all that she promised herself—all even that she wished for.

Finally, one morning, she was disturbed at her prayers by a great noise at the brink of the well. A party of gay young men, returning from a night's revel, had determined to pay a visit to the woman in the well, as they termed her. They were strangers in the city, had arrived only the day before, and had merely heard the fact of a pious woman having chosen the bottom of a well for her dwelling. As they leaned over the edge, they could hear the murmur of her voice as it arose in prayer, but this made no impression upon them. They resolved to send one of their party down to see how she lived. They looked round for a means of descent, but saw nothing except the little basket in which was lowered Eleanore's daily supply of food. Unwilling to abandon the happy project they had conceived, one of the party, a young cavalier, richly dressed, volunteered to descend by a rope. This was easily procured, securely fastened, and the adventurer descended.

Just before he reached the bottom, he cried out, "Here, good mother, leave your prayers; here comes company to breakfast;" and the youth sprang nimbly upon the stone floor.

"Who calls me mother?" said Eleanore, slowly rising and turning her head.

The gay intruder stepped back, and took off his plumed cap in respect for the saint-like figure before him. His levity was gone; and, as Eleanore advanced, he involuntarily dropped upon his knee, and bowed his face to the ground.

"Young man, whence come you?" said Eleanore calmly; "you are the first who has ever intruded here. Bring you tidings of my son?"

"Your son! Have you a son?" asked the youth.

"I had a son a long while ago," said Eleanore sadly; "he should be now of your age. He was taken from me when an infant. Know you aught of him, young man?"

"His name!" demanded the youth, still retaining his kneeling posture.

"Harold"——

"Son of the Baron Westenheim?" interrupted the young man eagerly.

"You know him, then—you have seen him. O, tell me of him!" cried Eleanore in a voice choked with emotion.

Throwing himself prostrate at Eleanore's feet, the young man buried his face in his hands, and murmured, "Mother, behold your son!"

* * * * *

Eleanore had awakened from the long trance into which the above announcement had thrown her—she had awakened, and in the arms of her son. She had told him of the long years of solitary prayer she had spent for him; and he had confessed how unworthy he was of such a mother. He told how at an early age he had run away from the protector to whom his father had sent him, and how he was adopted by a band of robbers, who were scouring the forests of Germany. He had remained with them until a very recent period, sharing their exploits and their spoils. Chancing to be near the dwelling of his old protector, he paid him a visit, and learned, for the first time, the death of his father, which had taken place twelve years before. Knowing that the Baron must have left a large fortune, he came to Paris to see about it, accompanied by four or five of his young companions. He had supposed his mother dead, never having heard any thing of her.

Eleanore listened in silent grief to this recital—to the young man's confession of all his sins and misdeeds. But she hoped that it was not too late to work some change in him. She felt that she had not much longer to live. Her prayers had been answered, and she knew her end was approaching. She must hasten, therefore, the work that was still before her. She talked to him, and prayed with him, and her words sounded like inspiration to the youth who knelt before her. A new light entered his soul, and feelings, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, seemed to fill his heart to bursting.

That night Eleanore died; but her work was finished. Her son returned to the world a new being. He gave up his old companions; and when he took possession of his estates, he spent his time in labors of which he knew his mother would have approved. Over the well he caused a monument to be built; and when the old court was turned into a street, that part received the name of the Speaking Well, which it has retained to this day.

CHANGE.

CHANGE is written on the tide;
On the forest's leafy pride;
On the streamlet glancing bright,
On the jewel'd crown of night;
All, where'er the eye can rest,
Show it legibly imprest.

CLINCH.

OUR THOUGHTS.

BY MISS SOPHIA FOWLER.

IN the recesses of the wilderness, by the mountain side, far from the retreats of men, I gazed into a crystal fountain. Scarce open to my view, above, on either side, rocks, hung with evergreen, shaded its boiling bosom. Silently from my gaze this tiny rivulet glided on its way. I could not trace its course; but in the great store-house of dew-drops I sought these mountain pearls. There, treasured up with all their kindred, I found my limpid waters flowing on, and ceaseless in the round of nature's changes, kept their way.

As in the silent dell, far from frequented paths, a gentle stream arises, so, in the recesses of the soul, small thoughts, unbidden, constantly rise, and unobtrusively take their flight into the receptacle prepared for them. Drop, drop, drop, unceasingly, into the great ocean, these spirit-winged messengers from the inmost soul are ever on their way. Yes, it is no dream—no fiction; 'tis true. Thoughts, though unfelt and unheeded, pass from the bosom of the soul things of immortality.

That our thoughts are constant in their succession, rapid in their flight, voluntary or involuntary, the consciousness of every person, who attends to the operations of his own mind for a moment, will assure him. That they never die, or cease to influence the character, we infer from the soundest deductions of philosophy; but instead are the heart's journals traced by angels' pens upon the unfading tablet of Heaven. We cannot stay their unceasing flow, nor will our faithful scribe cease to note each little moment as it passes, too small to wake a ripple on the bosom. The mind acts unceasingly, and these silent thoughts are the first causes of effects that extend through all eternity. It has been truly said by a shrewd moralist, that the character and current of our thought, more than any thing else, determines our place in the scale of intellectual and moral beings. And revelation affirms that we are accountable for the deliberate movements of the mind. Hence says the Psalmist, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Indicating to us the supreme importance of guarding our thoughts and affections with the greatest care, as they are the index of character in the sight of a holy God. It becomes, then, a matter of interest to trace the operations of the mind, and learn how they come to influence so decidedly the mental and moral condition, and how they are under our control.

The will, that mightiest element of earth, is the ruling faculty of the mind. By it we are free agents, endowed with the power of choosing or refusing. By it we perform any act that we please, unless prevented by some force exterior to the mind itself; and by it we have power to direct our thoughts to any subject or object which we will. That, by the constitution of the mind, the thoughts

are entirely under our control, is evident to every one, when, in the space of a moment, he voluntarily turns his attention to a variety of subjects, transferring them instantly and fixing them intently upon each. The student directs his attention to each successive lesson with ease and readiness. The votary of pleasure, by the same power, gives his thoughts to objects which please, carefully avoiding any thing which might interfere with his favorite pursuit, while the Christian bestows all his powers to the contemplation of those sublime subjects which relate to a future state of existence. In like manner, we may all instantaneously direct our thoughts to any object, and keep them there any length of time.

The power of close and continuous attention is, however much the effect of habit, acquired by frequent repetition of the effort, until we come to have perfect control over our mental faculties.

But the influence of the thoughts upon the moral condition is the subject of intense and of deepest interest, and one which demands the serious attention of every rational, moral being. It also shows the close connection and perfect harmony existing between the intellectual and moral powers. The point of interest here is, that on our entire control over the succession and current of our thoughts, and their influence upon the moral emotions, hangs our responsibility as moral agents, acting under the perfect arrangement of the great moral Governor of the universe. The importance of attending to their due regulation can only be estimated when we consider our relation to *Him* and to a future state of existence.

In the moral economy of the mind there are certain active principles, which seem to be moving powers within the mind, and which are generally referred to two classes—the desires and the affections. These again are subject to certain motives, or moral causes without the mind, which, acting upon the affection or the desires, lead us to actions toward other sentient beings, or toward those objects which constitute the pursuit of mankind. The influence of motives or moral causes upon the desires and affections we cannot control directly; but between the moment of a desire, or an affection toward a particular object, and the willing of the act to which this movement would lead us, there is a point where we may stop and think. And here we learn the importance of guarding our thoughts and keeping them upon worthy subjects and noble objects; for though we cannot control the movement of an affection or desire, yet we may turn the attention away from the object which excites it, and the emotion will cease. Indeed, it should be the careful study of the Christian, especially, to keep his thoughts constantly directed to objects worthy the pursuit of moral, responsible beings, and his affections upon characters distinguished for moral excellence and purity; for, by habitually contemplating a particular object, or allowing the mind to dwell upon certain scenes

or characters, we gradually but surely become assimilated in desires, taste, and feeling, to the subject of our thoughts.

The highest character in the universe is *God*—the supreme beauty—the glory of all excellence—the perfection of all goodness; and the most perfect development of character that we, as intelligent, moral agents, can attain, must be through the habitual contemplation of the Divine excellence, and the study of the perfections of the Deity.

REFLECTIONS.

BY REV. H. P. TORSEY, A. M.

In the deep recess of the forest wild,
Where the gladd'ning sunlight never smiled,
But shadows lay the bright day round,
As though they slumbered on the ground—
And through the depths of the woody dell
No sound of human footsteps fell,
But a solemn silence filled the air,
And breathed a quiet sadness there—
In hours of musing I have strayed,
Or neath the tangled foliage laid,
And felt my heart commune in me
With every shrub and green-leaved tree;
And felt the forest world combined
In strange affinities with mind.
The *pine*, whose sturdy roots are found
Fast anchored in the stony ground,
And whose strong arms are lift on high,
As if to prop the bending sky,
Speaks to my soul in accents sage,
And breathes the sacred *awe of age*.
The giant *oak*, with aspect bald,
O'er which a thousand years have rolled,
And as they've passed have left their mark
On its gnarled limbs and rugged bark,
Has found an utterance without tongue,
And whispers, "*Suffer and be strong.*"
The weeping *willow* bends its head,
Like some lone mourner o'er the dead;
And in my grief I bless the tree
That seems to *sympathize* with me.
And in each green and trailing *vine*,
Whose tendrils with the flow'ret twine,
Sweet gentle voices seem to speak—
"*Be kind, be constant, and be meek.*"
Thus, in the dark and lonesome wood,
Where silence reigns and solitude,
My Father in his kindness sends
The teachings of these leafy friends;
And oft the lessons they impart
Fall gently on my troubled heart,
That's faint with labor and with pain,
And in their strength I'm strong again.

WE rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.

OCEAN SCENES AND SCENERY.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

LET not my fair readers suppose that I am about to inflict upon them a lengthy detail of the "dangers of the sea." Distant portions of the world have become so closely united, and the facilities of intercommunication so extensively embraced, that what was once strange and wonderful, has now nearly ceased to interest by its commonness. And he who takes his pen to portray scenes and scenery should be careful, if he wishes to enlist attention, "to tread an unfrequented path." As, however, in these days of steamboats, railroads, and *telegraphs*, this is extremely difficult, the modern tourist must content himself either with making no notes at all, or else describe what has been described again and again. Nevertheless, there are some things which never lose their interest or power upon the mind. The azure vault, with its countless brilliants, and the ocean's deeper blue, bounded only by its sister immensity—the sky, are among the number.

Permit me, then, to make an extract or two from "a traveler's note-book," illustrating some of the scenes and scenery of the vasty deep.

MOONLIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

Thursday night. Have just enjoyed a delightful promenade on the deck of our noble steamer. Far as the eye can reach, naught is visible but the infinite above and the infinite around. The silver beams of the waxing crescent, and the paler rays of her innumerable attendants, dance upon the waters, while each little wavelet, fulfilling in its sphere the object of its creation, folds to its embrace the mirrored form of some sparkling orb, and then reflects, in ten thousand different directions, the brilliancy it had the moment before caressed. Though in mid ocean, the waves sleep as quietly as the waters of the Hudson or the Ohio. Who could believe that any thing so perfectly tranquil could be excited to such a degree of rage, as, in a moment, to engulf large vessels and their hapless crews, and exult, with a roar that might be reached from the stars, over its buried victims? Yet the ocean's bed is but a tassellated pavement of human bones, and its deepest caverns are but the secret hiding-places of wealth untold, wrested from the grasp of those it has destroyed. Symbol of the Deity! I will not call thee *treacherous*. Yet how many hopes hast thou blasted! How many fond expectations changed to disappointment!

Among the beauties of this lovely night must not be omitted the phosphorescence of the sea. This is a brilliant spectacle when seen even from the deck of an ordinary sailing vessel; but when seen from a steamer, it is much more so. The waves of liquid light, as they flow from the wheels, coruscating awhile, then concentrating their brilliancy into circles about the size of a dollar, and in numbers beyond the powers of conception, retreating till lost in the dim distance, produces a scene

of beauty, which no pen can adequately describe or pencil imitate. To see it once is, of itself, worth a trip across the Atlantic.

A STORM AT SEA.

Monday. We have now one of the grandest scenes my imagination ever pictured—a storm at sea. The waves, which but a few hours ago were reclining so peacefully upon the bosom of the deep, have lashed themselves into a perfect fury. Lifted by the gale to a great height, they seem like liquid mountains, rough and cragged. The motion of the vessel increases the optical effect. When descending some "mountain of the deep," the opposing wave, being referred to the level of the deck, towers high toward the heavens, rendering it apparently impossible that our water chariot can mount its rugged steeps, or overpass its crested summit. But, ere we are aware, that summit has been gained, and we look far down into a yawning abyss, into which we are about to rush. Last night, the sailors themselves being judges, was a terribly rough night. About midnight it seemed as if some imp of the lower world had got into our cabin, and all the movables about the establishment, as good Christians, were trying to drive him out. And what a time they had of it! Chairs, stools, coal boxes, fire-irons—in short, every thing movable, driving round the cabin like all possessed! Sometimes a stool, in running round, would come into contact with the stove, and be tripped up; and such a kicking as the stove received in return for its impertinence in being in the way, was enough to excite the risibles of even a sea-sick man—a situation, by the way, in which most of our passengers were.

The gale is now subsiding. Our decks have been thoroughly washed by the sea; and, perhaps, in a few hours, these waves, now so boisterous, will seek rest, refreshment, and a renewal of their strength preparatory to another contest.

A WATERY GRAVE.

Friday morning. A funeral scene is, at all times, one well calculated to impress upon the mind feelings of solemnity. To see the body of a fellow-being committed to its final resting-place, produces a more thorough conviction of our own mortality, than the most elaborate argument. But if a funeral scene be solemn on *land*, it is doubly so on the ocean. Such a one we have just witnessed. One of the crew, who was taken on board at New York in a state of intoxication, which brought on disease, died last night. The body, neatly sewed up in canvas, with massive pieces of iron to sink it, was borne to the after part of the deck, and there laid upon a board prepared for its reception. The officers and crew, together with such of the passengers as felt disposed, assembled around that simple bier. The burial service at sea of the Episcopal Church was read by the Captain. As he uttered the words, "*We therefore commit his body to the deep,*" &c., the end of the board was raised, and the body precipitated from the side of the vessel into the foaming surge, there to await the hour when "the sea shall

give up its dead." At the time, the wind was blowing a perfect gale, the waves literally running "mountain-high," while the whistling of the wind through the rigging, and the deafening roar of the billows, made it almost impossible to hear the different parts of the service as they were read. A wilder scene I never witnessed, and could not help reflecting upon its suitableness to the occasion and the character of the individual. His life had been a stormy one. His death was that of a raving maniac. And his body was fitly committed to the boisterous surges of that ocean which cannot rest. Every thing combined to make the scene solemn and impressive in no ordinary degree, and recalled to my mind Wolfe's touching and beautiful lines on the burial of Sir John More, some portions of which, slightly altered, aptly apply to the present occasion.

"No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
But in sheet and in shroud we wound him;
There he lay like an infant taking its rest,
As the billows roared fiercely around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we thoughtfully dwelt on the morrow.
We thought, as we gazed on his wild, surging bed,
Or smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the stranger unthinking would pass o'er his head
As it rests 'neath the storm-troubled billow."

THE ABSENT ONE.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

I MISSED her in the choir,
Where happy faces brightly shone,
As if their spirits had caught fire
From an archangel's tone.
Ah! one was missing there—
One with the meek, veiled eye, and brow,
Which, in its solemn radiance fair,
Was like the shaded snow;
Whose cheek, transparent, pale,
Reminded you of twilight's sky—
The flashing hues would come and fail
So strange and rapidly.
Where was that gentle one?
Where the tall form so lightly frail,
Which, like a tender flower half blown,
Shrank from the gentlest gale?
Tell me, thou angel choir!—
Giving to God the glory due,
Praising the everlasting Sire—
Tell me, *is she with you?*

TRUE wit is nature to advantage drest
That oft was thought, but ne'er so well exprest,
Something whose truth, convince'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

LAST CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF WILBUR FISK.

BY W. C. HOYT.

THE last chapter in the life of Wilbur Fisk, first President of the Wesleyan University, discloses a scene of moral sublimity and holy triumph rarely equaled in the annals of dying men. When the time of his departure came, he was ready, like the apostle Paul, to be offered. He had fought a good fight, he had kept the faith, and God had given him assurance that there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness in heaven.

Our fathers and elder brethren, in their dying testimony to the excellency of religion and the power of divine grace, have left us a rich legacy. Wesley, Fletcher, and Benson, Asbury, M'Kendree, and Fisk, and a multitude of others, whose names are imperishable, whose praise is in the Church, and whose record is on high, "*all died in faith.*" Like Enoch, they walked with God, and he took them to himself. And their spirits, washed from all moral defilement, and purified in the blood of the Lamb, are now with the spirits of the just made perfect before the throne.

The Life of Wilbur Fisk, written by his friend and fellow-laborer in the cause of religion and education, has been some years before the public. Professor Holdich has minutely delineated the character of his subject, and faithfully gathered up the facts and incidents in his history. It is not our design to follow the biographer in his Life of Fisk—a work which we have read over and over again, and always with pleasure and profit—but to notice some of the scenes in the "chamber where the good man met his fate."

"As we now approach," says his biographer, "the close of our subject's life, we are inclined to linger over our task, that we may prolong the contemplation of the scene which it presents to view. We love to stand in the evening amid the varied landscape, as the sun retires from our gaze, to watch the mellowing tints of light and shade, which spread over the face of nature. But how much more interesting is it to watch the departure from its mortal sphere of some bright particular star of our own moral firmament!"

A medical consultation was held on the case of Dr. Fisk, which resulted in the conclusion that he could not recover, and that his stay among the living could not be long. When the result of this consultation was communicated to him, "it surprised him," says Professor Johnson; "yet he was perfectly calm, and began to arrange his affairs as though he was preparing for a pleasant journey." This done, he said in a whisper, being unable to speak aloud, "What are all these things compared with the welfare of an immortal soul!"

Humiliating views of himself are always entertained by the truly pious man. "Unto me," says he great apostle to the Gentiles, "who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given."

And in expatiating on the efficacy of the salvation by Jesus Christ, he acknowledges himself to be the "chief of sinners." The holy and apostolic Wesley continued to declare to the last,

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

And Dr. Fisk, as he approached the grave, said, "Death has no terrors to me; but I have not that open vision of heaven I could desire. Pray for me, that the prospect before me may brighten. *I feel that my life has been a series of imperfections*, and there is nothing that I can rest my hopes upon but the *merits of Christ*." "I see much to be done," again he says; "but an active mind can do it; and the work of God is in his own hands. *He can do without me*. What am I?" he continues, "or my father's house, that God should have honored me to share in the ministry of his Gospel? I bless him that he has made me the humble instrument of doing any thing—the least thing—for him. It is all of grace. Boasting is excluded. The glory is all his—the shame all mine. I want a score of years more to do any thing like what a man ought to do in the course of his life. I feel," he added again, "*full of imperfections and frailties*." "Thus," remarks his biographer, "having no confidence in the flesh, *all his hope of salvation rested on the atonement of the Lamb*."

God frequently, while they are passing through the furnace of affliction, tries the faith, and love, and obedience of his saints. Dr. Fisk, in the above remarks, complains that he had not that "open vision of heaven" that he desired. And, at another time, he said the enemy was "thrusting sore" at him. But he was not tempted above what he was able to bear. And from these sore temptations, and the gathering cloud, he soon experienced a gracious deliverance; and, from that time, "nothing seemed to obstruct his view of his Savior and the better world."

In the correctness of the doctrines which he had preached, Dr. Fisk had the fullest confidence when he came to die. "They are God's truths," he said with emphasis, "and will bear the light of eternity."

"My grace is sufficient for thee," is a precious promise to every child of God. Divine grace not only sustains the sick and afflicted, enabling them to *endure* those ills to which flesh is heir, but it frequently causes them to rejoice, even in the midst of their sufferings, with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." It opens up a blessed prospect of heaven to the dying saint, and by faith he beholds his future abode. He is enabled to sing,

"Away with my sorrow and fear,
I soon shall recover my home;
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come.
From earth I shall quickly remove,
And mount to my native abode;
The house of my Father above—
The palace of angels and God."

In this manner was divine grace imparted to Wilbur Fisk. "Sunday, the tenth of February"—

twelve days before his death—"was a day," says his biographer, "of uncommon interest and solemnity. There was not the least prospect of his recovery; so that it was not thought necessary to restrain him from conversing; and yet his strength was not so far exhausted as to prevent the free play of his mind and feelings. The scene in his chamber was transcendently elevating. In the morning he asked Mrs. Fisk what day it was. On ascertaining, he observed, 'This would be a good day to die.'

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Fisk, 'the Lord will take you to his rest this day.'

"Then I can worship," was his answer, 'with the Sabbath-keeping band in heaven; but I cannot here.'

"On being told that he always loved the Sabbath, 'Yes,' he replied; 'and though it was a day of toil to me, yet I loved my work. To me the Sabbath has been an emblem of that promised rest. O, that rest is sweet! It is glorious!' He then 'offered up a prayer, gasping it out word by word, which seemed the very language of the spiritual world. It was deep, pathetic, powerful, sublime.'"

PARTING INTERVIEW WITH THE PROFESSORS.

Dr. Fisk's parting interview with the professors and students of the Wesleyan University and his numerous friends, was affecting and elevating. "On you," said he to the professors, "will devolve a double duty. O, be faithful! Hitherto you have been faithful. You will not lose your reward."

How unlike the misanthrope does he speak in the following passage: "I would express my love and gratitude to you all for your kindness to me. It gives me great pleasure to reflect how pleasantly we have always lived together, not only in college, but in our little family circle. We have shared each other's joys and each other's sorrows." Again he observes, "We all loved each other, and lived together in harmony."

PARTING INTERVIEW WITH THE STUDENTS.

Deep was the sorrow that filled the hearts of the students when they learned Dr. Fisk's condition. "With earnestness," says Professor Holdich, "they desired a parting interview with their revered instructor and guardian. He desired that they all might be admitted. On seeing them at the door of his chamber, he beckoned them to approach, and, as they came one by one, he gave each his feeble hand, and bade them an affectionate farewell, adapting his advice or admonition to each with admirable discernment and propriety. It was remarkable that, though not less than a hundred—it was just the commencement of the term, and many of the students had not yet arrived—received his dying counsel, yet to no two did he speak alike. The impression on the minds of the students was very deep. One of them, in a letter to another who was absent, says, 'O what a scene was this! I may forget the name of my father, and know not the mother who bore me, as soon as will the memory of that day pass from me.'"

HIS CONCERN FOR HIS FAMILY.

It is no marvel that Dr. Fisk should have felt great concern respecting the dependent condition in which he was about to leave his wife and adopted daughter. Those traits in his character, which made him the endeared husband and faithful friend, would naturally produce such concern. Hence, having signed his will, he said to Mrs. Fisk, "There will be but little; nor can you—alluding to the inadequacy of its funds—expect much from the New England conference." And then most affectionately did he commend her, in her affliction, to the care and sympathy of his beloved associates, the professors. "I believe," he said, "she has added years to my life by her constant care and nursing. You will love her for my sake when I am gone." Perceiving her overwhelming grief, he said, "My dear wife, I have always loved you, I have loved to love you, and you were never dearer to me than at this moment. But do not distress my dying moments with your grief. This ought not so to be. I have a great work to do; you must help me by your prayers. I have always thought I should outlive you, and have always prayed that this cup might never be yours—that it might be reserved for me; for I know how unable you are to bear it. But God seems determining otherwise. Bear it! You cannot bear it? But God will help you; for he has promised to be the widow's God and husband, and he will not fail!"

HIS LAST MESSAGE TO HIS PARENTS.

The manner in which Dr. Fisk spoke of his parents in his "final remembrances," shows the great man and kind husband to have been an affectionate son. "My dear, aged parents," he said, "how will they bear the stroke? God will strengthen them for all his will." "Write to them," was his request to Mrs. Fisk, "as soon as you can, all the particulars of my sickness. Give my best love to them. Tell them I have always hoped to be permitted to close their eyes, and that they would be spared the pain of weeping over me. But it is the will of God, and it is all right. Wherein I have failed in duty, I believe they will put it down to poor human nature. Tell them I believe I shall meet them in heaven, and in that I greatly rejoice, and that I die at peace with God and all mankind."

HIS DEPARTURE.

On the nineteenth of the month, still lingering upon the shores of mortality, or, more properly, perhaps, gradually passing down into the Jordan of death, he said, "I believe I am going.

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my friends are there"—

some of them, at least, and the rest are on their way."

Supported by divine grace to the last, under severe pain, he praised God for the glorious hope of heaven; and, anticipating "sweet rest" above, at about ten o'clock, on the forenoon of the twenty-second of February, 1839, he fell asleep in Christ.

"His redeemed and now disenthralled spirit," in the beautiful language of his biographer, "took its flight to its kindred skies, to mingle with the Church of the first-born, and join the anthems of the celestial choir. Thus the anniversary of the day that gave a hero and a patriot to the world, is the anniversary of the day that gave another sanctified spirit to paradise. Let the names of Washington and Fisk, both great in their respective departments, blend in future unison. Their happy spirits have long since greeted each other in the plains of the brighter world above."

REFLECTIONS.

"Who," said Balaam in his parable, "can count the dust of Jacob, and number the fourth part of Israel? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" The triumphing of the apostle Paul has afforded encouragement to the dying saint in all ages of the Christian Church. The support imparted to near and loved ones by Divine grace, and the numerous promises made to us by our heavenly Father, cause us to hope in the mercy of God. And with peculiar and cherished feelings we often pore over the last chapter in the life of the great, and good, and sweet-spirited Fisk. He who had stood firm, relying upon his God in life, did not falter in death. That Gospel which he had so eloquently preached to others, sustained him in the great conflict; and in sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality, he closed his useful and devoted life.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints!" How precious, also, to the Church of Christ! What holy ardor has been kindled in the soul!—how many resolutions formed!—what an impetus has been given to the devotional feelings of many hearts by contemplating the last hours and triumphant exit of the devoted servants of God!

The hope of immortality is the great anchor of the Christian Church, and a source of abiding confidence and joy to the individual believer. "Rejoice in this," said Christ to the disciples, "that your names are written in heaven." "If a man die, he shall live again."

"Spring shall visit the moldering urn;
Day shall dawn on the night of the grave."

"Think not," said the dying Fisk, addressing his wife, as life was fast ebbing out, and heaven, effulgent with glory, was beaming upon his view—"think not, when you see this poor, feeble body stretched in death, that this is your husband. O, no! your husband will have escaped, free and liberated from every clog. He will have new-plumed his glad wings, and soared away through the ethereal regions to that celestial city of light and love! What! talk of burying your husband! No, never. Your husband cannot be buried! he will be in heaven."

If the noble band of worthies, under a former dispensation, were examples for the earlier Christians, then may our fathers and elder brethren—

than whom the world has never seen a more devoted, self-sacrificing class of men—be our examples. And what examples are placed before us, as a communion, in the names and character, in the labors and usefulness, in the life and death of Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, and Clarke—of Asbury, M'Kendree, Emory, and Fisk!—each one of them a star of the first magnitude, and all of them together forming one of the brightest constellations in the galaxy of the moral heavens! And the more we study and understand their character, the more we shall admire that grace which made them "*good ministers of Jesus Christ.*"

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY REV. WM. GRAHAM.

INDULGENT READER, various are the motives which prompt the mind to impose its productions upon the reading community. Some of these are, ambition to appear before the public, love of fame, desire to be favorably known, so that promotion may be obtained; and, in the case of your own valuable Repository, a desire to get access to the fairer sex, is, with some, no doubt, an object of no small importance.

But there are higher and nobler motives by which writers are moved to wield their pens; and, judging from the character of the productions of the contributors to your magazine generally, we have reason to believe that they write for eternity—for the glory of God, independent of whose glory we are authorized to do nothing. The writer hopes to be classed among the latter, by your well-tried judgment, when he states that gratitude for wholesome maternal influence, and a hope to urge you to a consideration and study of your high and fearful duties, are his only aim in this article.

There are various modes of expressing gratitude, but that which is productive of the greatest amount of good is of the most honor to the benefactor. Hence this course is pursued by the writer, in order appropriately to express his warm gratitude to a Christian mother, to whose care and instructions he owes, under God, his station in the Church, but, above all, his religious enjoyments and hope of heaven.

It would be a needless repetition of facts stated a thousand times, to dwell on the admitted truth, that the mother exerts more influence over the child than any other person in the family circle, and, consequently, *shapes*, to a very great extent, its future destiny. The father pursues his daily vocation; the older brothers and sisters are at school, or off at their amusements; the domestics at their labor; the mother alone is the *constant* attendant upon the rising plant of her endeared family circle. And when others are present, she is the *principal*, and controls every department of the internal family arrangements. How important, then, that she be

qualified, in all respects, to move in her empire of domestic peace and quiet!

Her influence upon the *social* qualities of the child is such as deserves careful notice. It is said we are sociable beings; but unless those feelings and qualities are cultivated, we shall be unfit for the social circle. In order to fulfill the ends of life, we must have intercourse with our fellow-beings; and that intercourse may be either a source of happiness or of misery. The young gentleman or lady thrown into the social circle, without previous preparation for such a place, must feel cramped and unhappy. On the other hand, if it is known how to demean one's self, what carriage to put on, what topics to converse about, and what language to use, there is a source of enjoyment secured, from which we may draw during life. When we see a young lady move with a modest, graceful, and easy air in society—with a countenance calm and composed, as if in her own home circle—replying to and asking questions with the ease and composure of a philosopher, we are furnished with the best possible evidence of the taste and competency of her mother, or of her who fills her place. But when we see her move uncouthly, blushing at every turn, with head downward, and eyes fixed on the floor like a statue, confused at every question proposed to her, and entertaining none by conversation, we have a specimen of a mother's neglect and incompetency.

Again: see we one move with a high, gaudy, proud air—on *extremes* in her manners and converse—we can form a tolerably correct notion of the bad taste and extravagance of the mother. The mother *molds* the social character of the child.

The force of maternal influence on the *intellectual* qualities is known and admitted by all. Most great men have had great mothers. And it is very reasonable that this should be the case. Some one, with nothing short of a *mother's attention and patience*, is needed properly and rationally to answer the endless catalogue of curious questions, proposed by the infant intellect just grasping for the first time the strange things around it in the physical world. These questions not only require to be answered, in order that the development of the mental faculties be not retarded, but they require to be *properly* answered, in order that the mind may receive a proper *set*. As the first idea of a thing grasped by the child is, in general, the most forcible idea that ever enters his mind concerning it, so is the first explanation of it the most forcible to his mind, and that which gives it a bias. If the early growth of a shoot in vegetation be stunted, it rarely attains to that symmetry which constitutes perfection; so, also, with the mind. It must not only be guarded against a wrong bias, but it must not be restrained or trammelled in its progress, and especially in the early stage. It is matter of rejoicing that female education is at this time receiving more attention than formerly, and that the standard is elevated much above that of former years. Not only do the Christian and philanthropist exult in this con-

sideration, (or, as it might be appropriately styled, achievement,) but the warm-hearted patriot subscribes the sentiment that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." The thousands at this hour under the mother's care and influence, are, under God, the hope of the nation and the Church. Whether this, then, is not a more important work than that which our representatives to Congress have to perform, you may judge.

The mother's influence on the *moral* character is almost limitless. The notions which the child has of the quality of an action, of the distinction between right and wrong, and the relative guilt and innocence of perpetrating acts of different moral qualities, are emphatically the mother's. These notions may be modified when other influences are brought to bear upon the moral character, in after life; yet the earliest impressions are generally the deepest, and if they are erroneous, nothing short of the grace of God can effectually rectify them. No fact is more clear to the writer's mind, than that under no circumstances could he knowingly desecrate the sacred institution of the Sabbath, without suffering severe twingings of conscience; and if this circumstance is not owing, under God, to the early instructions of a pious mother, he is greatly deceived. The mother's character is the one the child approves and imbibes.

On the *religious* character of the child maternal influence is equally if not still more powerful. Religion is the work of God's Spirit—it respects the heart. To accomplish it God uses instrumentalities consistently with the freedom of the will. The conduct of all shows that in early life the heart is most tender. Comparatively mild means cause the child to sob and weep, while the heart, in advanced life, evinces culpable callousness and indifference. Then, as religion is a work wrought in the heart, and in early life the heart may be most easily impressed, it follows that childhood and youth are the most favorable seasons to form a religious character; and if so, it is the appropriate work of the mother, so far as human instrumentality is concerned. Mothers—young mothers—will you remember this in your every-day duties? We hear it sometimes piously remarked, that caution ought to be used not to instill into the child too much of religious notions and ideas, lest, in after years, it be forestalled from exercising choice and forming its own opinions about religious matters. But, let it be piously asked, is religion a mere matter of *opinion*? does it only respect the head? or is it a matter of faith, the fear of the Lord, and a work which respects the heart? If you wish your children to imbibe infidelity, under the modern masks of Universalism and Rationalism, all you need do is to keep the fear of God from before their eyes, permit the clamorous cravings of the corrupt heart to get the ascendancy, and the work will be most likely accomplished without any further effort on your part. Query: If you desired a crop from your garden, would you withhold the spade and hoe?—refuse to plant the

seed?—permit weeds, thorns, and briars, to overgrow it?—expect that some unknown hand would be kind enough to plant the seed for you, and then that the course of nature would be interrupted, so that the wild growth would die and give place to what you desire? The cause of so much infidelity and contemptible indifference to religion in our land, is, no doubt, in the main, referable to the want of religious instruction in early life. Mother, this is *your* work; and you are, to a fearful extent, responsible to the tribunal of God for the infidelity and prodigality of your children. But be not urged to faithfulness in this work merely from a sense of your responsibility, but from a consideration of the reward which awaits you in heaven. If there is one thought more pleasing than another, in respect to the company of the celestial world, it is that which contemplates a family circle there saved by grace—parents and children forming a beautiful cluster to stud the surface of the heavenly world! In view of these things, "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." True, the soil may appear unproductive, but persevere; sow in faith, and the fruit may be "gathered many days hence." How often has it occurred that, after the lapse of years, and distant from the old homestead, memory has waked up reflections on early lessons of instruction, and the heart has been won to God!

THE TRIUMPHS OF GRACE.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MISS JERUSHA A. HATCH.

BY REV WM. HERR.

It is said "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Every instance of the triumphs of grace, in the holy life and peaceful death of God's people, not only furnishes additional evidence of the divinity of Christianity, but throws an encouraging light across the pathway of the weary pilgrim, and inspires the hope of similar success in reaching the heavenly land that is afar off. It is with this conviction that I ask the privilege of recording a brief sketch of one who has recently left earth for heaven.

MISS JERUSHA A. HATCH was born in the state of Connecticut, on the sixth day of December, 1795. While she was quite young her parents removed to the state of Maryland; and in the city of Baltimore she received her education. It was in this city she became favorably impressed toward the Methodist Episcopal Church.

In the year 1815, her parents removed to the state of Ohio, and settled at Beech Grove, on the bank of the Ohio river, three and a half miles below the present limits of Cincinnati. Not long after her arrival in this state, she was awakened to a sense of her need of an interest in Christ, and the religious responsibilities she owed to God.

From her diary a clear view of the exercises of her mind may be obtained. This record was kept with the utmost privacy; for even her nearest relatives and most confidential friends were not aware of its existence until after her death; and, consequently, it speaks the undisguised sentiments of her heart. She says, "In the autumn of 1815, I was awakened under the preaching of Lorenzo Dow, and brought to reflect seriously on my situation. I felt myself a lost sinner unless the Lord would receive me. I resolved to read and pray the Lord to teach me the way to obtain eternal life. I liked the Methodists very well, except their plain dress. It appeared to me not unlike superstition; but I was soon convinced, by reading the word of God, it was not so. I continued seeking. Friday, January 12, 1816, I heard Mr. Bigelow preach from Romans i, 15. At Col. Sedam's, on Saturday, I heard him preach again from 1 Timothy iv, 8. At Esq. Williams' I stayed in class for the first time in my life, and after class I joined the Church as a member on trial; for which, blessed be God! I have never repented. I continued seeking, but not so diligently as I might have done, until in July I became more earnest in my entreaties for God to have mercy on me. In reading Fletcher's Posthumous Works I was encouraged to seek on. Some letters addressed to Miss Hatton were a great blessing to my soul. About the tenth of this month, the Lord blessed me with a sense of pardon. I did not feel such rapturous joy as many do; but my load of guilt was gone. Bless the Lord for what he has done for my soul! O, may I by his grace maintain the beginning of my confidence firm unto the end!" Thus, in the most artless simplicity, she details her transition from nature to grace; and there can be no question of the thorough and genuine work of grace wrought in her heart, from the fact of her subsequent stability, joyful experience, and uniform Christian character. Nor was she a selfish Christian, entirely absorbed in her own happy state; but, like the woman of the Gospel, she was eager to induce others to be partakers of the same blessing. Hence, soon after, she says again in her diary, "I felt it an indispensable duty to pray with my mother every evening. I felt the cross very great. However, after a hard struggle, stubborn self gave up, and I resolved, by the grace of God, to live in the discharge of every duty."

It would be interesting to make frequent extracts from her diary, but space will not allow. But there is one fact worthy of record here; that is, soon after obtaining the blessing of justification, she became impressed that it was her privilege to enjoy the fullness of the Gospel of Christ. Hence, she sought and obtained that grace; and I have no doubt but this laid the foundation of all her future usefulness and stability of character. Her own account is as follows: "I felt drawn out after God in fervent prayer to cleanse my heart from all unrighteousness. A deep sense of my former unfaithfulness and present unholiness melted me

down at the feet of Sovereign Mercy, and caused me to cry earnestly for a clean heart. About six o'clock in the evening, I retired to my room, as usual, for secret prayer. I felt solemn and much engaged. I dared not doubt the efficacy of a Redeemer's blood to cleanse from all sin. Neither could I doubt his willingness to do this. In me was all the bar—unbelief. By faith I received the blessing. I did not feel such great joy, but sweet, heavenly peace and love, with a great sense of the presence of the Lord my God. Such a solemn awe rested on me, I dared not move. For some time I prayed God, if this work was effectual, to confirm my belief; and, thanks be to God! he has done it. Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name! My temptations are very sore, but my trust is in God, who hitherto hath helped me. His grace is sufficient for me."

She makes frequent mention of the names of the preachers she was accustomed to hear, such as Cummins, Crume, Quinn, Bigelow, Collins, Goddard, Elliott, and others, and the texts from which they preached, with suitable reflections, evidently showing that she was not merely a hearer of the word, but sought most earnestly her spiritual good and individual profit from the lessons of divine instruction. She was wont to correspond with ministers of the Gospel; and in a reply, now lying before me, to one received from a minister, she says, "I am glad you say, as your heart dictates so you write. It is just the way I wish you to write. Whatever my situation may be, whether I am sorrowful, cast down, or rejoicing, for my soul's sake, never spare me. Let not a fear of adding to my affliction induce you to deal too gently with me. *I want close work—heart work.*" At this early period of her religious life, for the letter was written many years ago, it appears that she was exceedingly anxious to be a thorough Christian, and understand the extent of her privileges.

In the year 1819, she suffered a severe bereavement in the death of both of her parents, after which she became a resident of this city, and, with but brief intervals, had resided here until the period of her death. During her residence in this city, she formed many acquaintances; and, by her uniform piety and Christian conduct, she secured universal respect and confidence. She was emphatically an active, working Christian. Wherever the hand of charity was needed, there was she found, with a prompt and diffusive benevolence. For many years she was a most active member of the Female Benevolent Society, in its first organization, then as it existed in connection with the Western charge in Cincinnati, and then in connection with Morris Chapel charge. To this institution she contributed of her means, and, also, by active and persevering labor. Nor was she content to relieve the necessities of the destitute in this way, but also received into her family orphans from the asylum in Cincinnati, over whom she watched with the tenderest solicitude during life,

and for whom provision has been made since her death. Indeed, her heart was full of the "milk of human kindness," which prompted her to deeds of benevolence whenever opportunity presented.

As a daughter and sister she was ever affectionate, devoted, and lovely. As a Christian she was always unwavering in her faith, and in her works always a true and meek follower of her Lord and Savior. For thirty years she was never heard to express a doubt as to her acceptance with God. She was remarkable for the uniformity of her experience and religious character. In the earlier part of her Christian experience, she was sometimes overwhelmed with ecstatic joys; but as she advanced in a knowledge of the things of God, she had less ecstasy and a more deep and abiding sense of the Divine favor. Her path was as the shining light, and her career was marked by a steady adherence to religious principle, the result of a mind deeply imbued with the truths of the Gospel, and a lively faith in Christ. Hence, she was a safe counselor, eminently qualified to labor, as she was wont to do, at the altar of prayer, to pour consolation into the heart of the weeping penitent, and direct such to the cross, and, in the class-room and social circle, to lead the mind to more elevated views of Christ, and encourage the immature Christian to seek for entire conformity to the will of God. She cherished a relish for the various means of grace, and was always in her place in the class-room, prayer meeting, and during the public ministrations of God's word.

Nor did she rely on these means alone for the supplies of divine grace and the nourishment of her soul. Last winter a year, during the prevalence of the flood, while residing a few miles below the city, she was visited, beyond any former experience, with a deeper and richer baptism of the Spirit. In her closet, holding communion with God, she was enabled to renew her covenant, and experienced an increased attestation of the cleansing efficacy and power of the blood of atonement. At that period, in the object before her, she had a fit emblem of her subsequent experience—her peace flowed as a river.

Miss Hatch had generally been blessed with good health, which, together with a tranquil and undisturbed mind, made her appear much younger than she really was. Though thus highly favored, enjoying health of body, abundance of temporal means, and, above all, in the blessed assurance of the Divine favor, still her heart and mind were tenderly alive to the happiness and welfare of others. Here let me add: some weeks ago, after I had been personally afflicted, and thus deprived of discharging my ministerial duties, the first Sabbath I came to Church, after preaching, I met sister Hatch, at the altar, and, taking my hand, she said, "Dear brother Herr, now do not venture out this evening, but stay at home and take care of your health. Try to live as long as the Lord will let you; for he still has a work for you to do. There is no danger of your ever rusting out." And as further proof of the benevolence of her heart, it may be remarked

that arrangements had been made for her to quit boarding and go to housekeeping. Several times, in conversation with a highly-esteemed and most confidential Christian friend, sister Rust, she remarked, that she was prompted to go to housekeeping for the sake of her brother William and dear nephew Stanley. She said, if the cholera should prevail this season in the city, and they should be taken sick, they would have no person to nurse them and minister to their wants, as she felt she could if they were at her own house; and, for their good, she felt desirous to endure the fatigue of keeping house. But, as she sometimes expressed herself to sister Rust, her mind seemed to be impressed that she might not live to enter upon that duty.

Up to the period when she was taken ill, she enjoyed her usual health, when, suddenly, she was taken down with the disease which proved fatal, and has unexpectedly overwhelmed us all with weeping and mourning.

On Thursday preceding her death, Mrs. Herr called to see her; and, as she bade her farewell, she said, "Give my love to brother Herr, and tell him *all is peace—PERFECT PEACE.*" On Sunday evening, in the presence of her cousin, Miss Merrill, who nursed her, when told by the attending physician that she could not live, she replied, "I am not disappointed. Doctor, I am not afraid to die." On the same evening, she sent for her friend, sister Rust. When sister Rust came to her bedside, about nine o'clock, P. M., she addressed her thus: "I have no doubt, sister Rust, that I shall meet you in heaven; but I desired to see you once more on earth." Sister Rust replied, "You are almost home." She responded, "Yes, almost home." Sister Rust inquired, "What are your prospects?" She replied, "*All is clear—yes, clear as a sunbeam—CLEAR AS A SUNBEAM—NOT A CLOUD—NOT A CLOUD.*" And then she sent this message to brother Joseph Rust, her class-leader for fifteen years, "Tell brother Joseph, my dear class-leader, and also my classmates, that I go before, but a reunion will soon take place." The same night her nephew approached her bedside, and throwing her arms around his neck and embracing him, she said, "My dear nephew, try to meet me in heaven." After this she said but little. At times of great agony, during her last night on earth, she would exclaim, "Why cannot I go? The Lord help me!" and then, as if to check any seeming risings of impatience, and to assure her friends that God was still with her, she would sweetly exclaim, "Blessed God! Bless the Lord!"

She closed her earthly career in a sweet, tranquil sleep, on Monday evening, the ninth of April, 1849. Though no chariots and horsemen were visible, no doubt ministering spirits were present to convey her to mansions in the skies; and our departed friend has gone where

"Immortality o'ersweeps
Ail pain, all tears, all time, all fears—and peals,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into her ears this truth—Thou liv'st for ever!"

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

—
SEPTEMBER, 1849.—
THE SHOULDER-KNOT.—
CHAPTER XX.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE party of travelers had returned to the court of James. They had told their story in their own words and way. The King, though deeply grieved at the loss of his ducats, had been reconciled to the arrest of the match by the combined duplicity and art of Buckingham and Charles. Charles had, also, openly avowed his passion for the sister of Louis the Thirteenth, the black-eyed Henrietta, whom he had seen at the French festival on his way to Spain. James, though sensible of the levity of his son, was base enough to be pleased with this new proposal, because he saw another vintage of ducats hanging in rich clusters on every vine of France. The story of Archy, which had made a powerful impression for the moment on the mind of Charles, had been forgotten amidst the excitements and follies of the English court; and the whole party of noblemen, who had listened to the affecting tale so earnestly, and with much apparent sincerity, had taken up, as usual, the temper and spirit of the royal household.

All eyes are now turned to France. An ambassador is sent to Paris to treat for the hand of Henrietta; but, as the negotiations may be protracted, and as we have already seen the manner of such proceedings between royal persons, the reader will be permitted to spend the time on British soil.

I have before informed my reader, that the King of England had committed the great philosopher, Lord Bacon, to the Tower; that between him and Buckingham there had been a friendship as singular as it was ardent; and that the Duke had, more than once, availed himself of the wisdom of his master at the most critical and important times. Buckingham had not seen the philosopher since his return from Spain; for his first business was to make sure his reception with those who were at liberty, and who could do him either good or harm. Now, however, when all was clear, when the King had been satisfied, when the minds of all were busy with the new match, and while the minister was at Paris making the treaty for the marriage of the Prince, Buckingham steals away from the palace, from the doting old monarch, from the fondness of Charles, and, what is much more, from his own pleasures and vices, to devote a few hours to conversation with the greatest and wisest of mankind.

The Duke found the philosopher in an ample dungeon, with a cheerful fire of coal burning in a grate, with lights blazing above his head, with a wide table spread out and covered with maps, charts, diagrams, and manuscripts, and with huge volumes of black-letter English, of paler Latin, and of jet-black Greek, lying in a rich confusion upon the floor. The prisoner was dressed in his gayest mode, with a philosopher's gown thrown over him, and with a fillet of oak leaves passing around his head. When the Duke entered, the sage was so immersed in study, that he did not at once notice his visitor; but, as soon as he had been roused by the keeper of the prison, he arose with a peculiar dignity, saluted the officer, and, recognizing the familiar countenance of his friend, greeted Buckingham with a min-

gled ease and warmth, which only a great mind knows how to do without effort.

"Thou art surrounded by the richest furniture of earth, my lord."

"And I no longer envy the world's wealth and pride; and, to say truth, noble Duke, I am happier in this prison than I ever was in the palace of King James. With the cares of state upon my mind, I had but little opportunity for more genial pursuits; but now, more careless how the common world goes on, I have nothing to withdraw my attention from the great intellectual problems that lie scattered through the wide universe of God. This universe, sir, I now look upon as the residence of my spirit, the heaven-domed and star-lit palace of my mind. Here I dwell, and here I shall for ever dwell, only changing my condition, from age to age, as the caterpillar changes his, when the winged butterfly mounts upward from the low dwelling of the worm!"

"Thou thinkest, then, my lord, that the future state will be very similar to this, and that whatever difference is experienced will be chiefly or wholly in our position?"

"Nothing, it seems to me, can be more probable. The universe may be regarded as an immense hollow sphere, as one single and glorious building, in which all beings, from the glow-worm to the archangel, dwell; but, in this great house there are numerous apartments, each apartment being fitted up for the special accommodation of a particular section of the great family of God. As the fish occupy the ocean, quadrupeds the land, and the fowls of heaven the circumambient air, so the various orders of intelligences, ranging between this planet and the throne of the Eternal, have their respective chambers particularly adapted to their wants; but, as the badger is the same being both when he burrows in the earth and when he basks in the sun, and as the frog is the same, whether he lives in the pool or leaps in the open air, so man changes not his essence, his personality, his character, but only his circumstances, in passing from one room or division of God's mansion to another. How does it seem, my noble friend, to thee?"

"Not otherwise than thou hast said; only I have never been able to divest myself of the apprehension that death is to be the agent, or the harbinger, of a wonderful but unknown and mysterious change."

"A change, certainly, not of nature, but of circumstances. The little tenant of the cradle, whose eyes have but just opened upon the sun's broad light, has passed, as I may say, from one world to another, but without changing his character as a living being. An hour or more since, and his whole existence was dependent upon the existence of another. From that other he derived the life-currents, that leaped through his arteries, and supported his young being. Through that other came to his triply-veiled spirit every impression from the greater world of material nature, by which the less was magnificently surrounded. Now he has come, by a kind of death, to live an independent and higher life, by more direct experience within the second and larger sphere of his existence. But the nature of that existence is not altered. So, when death lays off the mortal coil that inwraps us all, we go into a yet wider theatre of life, but without alteration of the essential constitution of our real being. Death, whether in the former or latter case, neither creates nor destroys, but only, like a faithful messenger, leads us from one apartment to another of God's glorious dwelling, till we have

ascended into his immediate presence. So, my lord it seems to me. Do I offend thy judgment in these opinions?"

"Thou hast spoken admirably, my lord; but I would hear thee more specifically on this high topic."

"Man, my friend, is that which we call our self. This self is a spirit dwelling within a body. Around this body, in its first estate, a second organism draws its dark curtain; and beyond this latter envelop, material nature spreads out another between this young immortal and the face of Deity. From this remote point, at the lowest centre of the material universe, thus wrapped within the inmost inner of three concentric worlds, man begins his existence, his work of development, his progress from the darkly mortal to the free light of the outer and eternal. The history of a spirit is the history of this progress. The spirit itself, however, changes not in all these changes. Expanding, as it does, from first to last, it expands only, its essence remaining unalterable. Death, like birth, is the act of passing from one state of existence to another, giving us nothing but a change of situation. Here are two moments of time. Now, there is the spirit of a man still tremblingly dwelling *within* an expiring body. Next moment, the same spirit lives *without* the body. The little words, *in* and *out*, contain the only difference. All that the soul is at death, it *will be* after death; nothing less, nothing more. It carries nothing. It leaves nothing of itself. It only goes. As thou, my friend, wilt be the same man thou art, when thou hast passed from this confined prison into the outward light about us, so, when the prison-house of thy mortal body shall open, and let thee forth, thou wilt be not otherwise than what thou art, the identical Duke of Buckingham which thy inner consciousness showeth thee to be."

"This is a pleasing doctrine, that our identity is not changed or lost in death."

"Pleasing?"

"Ay, my lord; for I have never seen the beggar so miserable, that he would willingly lay off the consciousness of being what he is, of remaining in his identity, to be a king."

"Nay, but to go into the eternal world with a character, which, in its natural working, shall give us only pain, were an identity most ardently to be shunned."

"As thou, my lord, didst show me at a former time."

"But, my friend, as pleasing as thou sayest, more delightful, indeed, than the speech of angels could declare, or the rapt fancy of heaven-taught prophecy reveal, the life of him who goeth there prepared to live. But of such a topic we should not speak unheard by those who most need to hear. If my lord lieutenant objects not"—the philosopher now addressed that officer, who had been attentively listening to the previous dialogue—"some pearls might be strown along the path of those prisoners, whose fate it is soon to die, that should rouse them to greater alacrity in their rugged but heaven-bound way. Do I speak lawfully, my lord?"

"It is a most lawful and Christian-like request, and shall be granted," replied the lieutenant, bowing to the philosopher, as he retired.

Soon, the sound of bars and of bolts was heard, as if every cell were bursting. Loud words of command were spoken. In a few moments, chains clanked upon the solid pavement. The iron door of the philosopher's ample cell next swung open, admitting a mournful procession of emaciated and haggard-looking criminals,

whose treasons had reduced them to this misery. They had all been men of consequence, and some of them peers and nobles of the realm. They were now manacled and chained, broken in spirits, diseased in body, and expecting soon to swing from the scaffold, or lie down upon the murderous block. As they ranged themselves around the cell, upon the temporary seats provided for the philosopher's numerous visitors, they looked up in amazement upon the man whom they had all known while he flourished in other circumstances. They had known the prisoner as the highest officer in the cabinet of King James. To some he had been an enemy; to others, a friend; but he was now about to become a memorable benefactor to them all. They all saw, indeed, at the first glance, that he was altogether another man. His passions had been subdued, his heart had been softened, by his calamities; sober reflection, such as few others could sustain, had restored his innate integrity of soul; while his wonderful mind, always the marvel and glory of his countrymen, cleared of the mists that had obscured it, now burned and dazzled as if lit up by the splendors of the other world. The brilliancy of his great intellect seemed to show itself even upon his countenance. Leaning backward with easy dignity, his eyes slightly elevated with a most thoughtful and expressive look, while the smiles of heaven and of hope were playing upon his features, he appeared to have lost every earthly element of his character, and already to have risen to a higher and holier sphere. Not only the prisoners, but the lieutenant, whose occupation naturally hardened him, and Buckingham, who was noted for the ease and self-possession of his carriage in the highest company, were evidently awe-struck and embarrassed, as they gazed upon this illustrious man.

"Dost thou think, then, my friend," said the philosopher to his guest, bending his regards upon the Duke with a most benignant and animated expression—"dost thou not think that heaven will be a happy place?"

"Most certainly, my lord."

"Is it not the home of every possible delight?"

"It is."

"Why, then, is the common mass of even Christian men so slack in stretching forward to that place? Why shut their eyes upon the greater, regretting the speed of every hour that bears them forward, eagerly clinging to the less? Nay, my lord, how long, thinkest thou, would the best of Churchmen choose to live, could they make their choice?"

"As many years as there are stars in the sky; as many ages as there are sands on the ocean shore; as many cycles of ages as there are spires of grass on earth's wide surface, if I judge the majority by myself."

"And when these rounds were run, what then?"

"They would wish to run them over again, as many times as there are leaves in all the forests of this wooded world."

"Thou meanest, then, that they would live here for ever, relinquishing their untried right to heaven for the known amenities of earth?"

"Evidently; but they are greatly to be blamed."

"Nay, wouldst thou rather live in a prison, or in the open world?"

"In the open world, my lord."

"Wouldst thou rather live in the exercise of all thy faculties, or in the use of a certain set of them?"

"I would employ them all."

"Canst thou, then, blame such beings as we are for preferring this broad, bright world, where we dwell on the outside of it, sending our free vision, and our freer fancies into the immeasurable and star-lit depths about us, to a walled inclosure, where we must sit or stand in certain attitudes, run through a given and unvaried round of ceremonies, and leave unemployed the greater part of our acknowledged powers, for ever?"

"But heaven, you do not say, will thus confine and cramp us?"

"Nay, my lord, I say it not, but others say it. It is the current faith. The common fancy paints us not a fairer picture. The very best of mortals, when made immortal, inherit nothing better, if this Christian age sees all. Men, called of God to assure us of a higher lot, so perform their task, that we choose to hold the heavy loads we bear, than go to what they promise us. Their loftiest thoughts of heaven would make a hell, only more tolerable than the real one they tell us of, to a soul fully conscious of its faculties; for, when their highest words are uttered, when their most elaborate scenes are drawn, we learn that an eternity of sluggish rest, or an endless and changeless monotony of worship, is all that awaits a redeemed spirit, gifted with an infinity of powers. As well might the angel-chorister of heaven snatch the harp of David from his hand, and, to perfect the instrument, strip from its keys their several chords, leaving it but a single string."

"But take they not their text from John, who, on Patmos' isle, saw the door of heaven opened, and the people of that world crying naught but 'holy, holy, holy,' day and night?"

"Nay, not the people, but the winged beasts that were full of eyes. Not a word, my lord, is uttered by the Revelator of the occupation of heaven's inhabitants. That was not the topic of his high prophecy. The fate of earth, not the life of heaven, is the burden of that figurative vision."

"Is God's book silent, then, my lord, on this glorious theme?"

"Most eloquent, noble Duke, bringing life and immortality to light."

"Where, on what page, in what incident, shines that light?"

"In the life of Jesus."

"How?"

"That life is given us in its several parts. We behold Jesus, as portrayed by the hand of inspiration, *before* death, *in* death, and *after* death; and yet he is but the first-fruits, the exemplar, of those that sleep in him. What he is, what he was when newly-risen from his rocky grave, we may be."

"In degree?"

"In kind. This is the sum total of revelation; and the great act, by which we grasp and comprehend that revelation, is, to look to Jesus as a tempted, dying, but divine and all-conquering man. If thou wouldst know the life thou livest, the death thou diest, and the nature of thy future being, be thou by faith or fancy but a conquering man, and thou shalt understand."

"By faith or fancy?"

"Yes, be thou a conqueror in fact, or fancy thyself such a conqueror, and thou shalt behold, with greater or less clearness, within thyself, what life thou mayest live hereafter."

"I have neither the one nor the other faculty, my lord. Thou must be my teacher."

"It is not difficult, my friend. The germ thou hast already. Tell me what thou art?"

"Alas! I know not what to answer, unless to say that I am a man."

"Most fitly said; and, shouldst thou ever dwell in heaven, then wilt thou be nothing but a man. It is enough, indeed, that thou wilt be a man. But tell me, what is a man?"

"Thou hast thyself defined him to be a human soul living within a human body."

"Living?"

"So thou saidst."

"In the body?"

"Yes."

"And *with* the body?"

"Certainly, if the body lives."

"And does the body live?"

"It does."

"By what power?"

"By the power of the indwelling soul."

"Here, then, my lord, is a threefold life. The body lives a life derived immediately *from* the soul; it lives a life in unison *with* the soul; and the soul lives a pure and independent life *within* and yet *above* the body it inhabits. The first or lowest life may be styled the bodily; the second is the mental; the third is emphatically the spiritual. And yet this triple life is one life; and so it will ever be."

"In heaven?"

"Certainly, my lord; for Jesus, our great pattern, was of flesh and blood as much after as before his death and resurrection; nor need I say, that his soul dwelt, as before, within that risen body; and now, at this moment, he is in heaven what he was at his ascension. In him, therefore, though now inhabiting the spiritual world, we behold the threefold life of heaven portrayed."

"It seems strange, my lord, to speak of a physical or bodily life in heaven, savoring much, it would appear, of Mohammed's paradise; but I sit only as a poor disciple at thy feet."

"Speak not, my friend, of the Arab prophet's elysium. His is a sinful paradise—a place where the unholy appetites of our fallen nature are to be gratified; but the heaven of revelation is to be the theatre of a pure sensitive life, wherein every organ of the redeemed and spiritualized body will find only its innocent and appropriate action. Look, my lord. Shall we go to heaven with real eyes, but find no real light to gratify and employ them? Shall we go with real ears, and yet meet with no actual harmonies to salute them? Are we to carry the senses of smell, of taste, of touch, which are the inherent properties of our bodies, where the odor of no flowers, the fragrance of no sweet fruit, and the forms and fashions of no real objects, will ever greet us? Nay, my lord, let not the substance of thy hopes vanish into this vain idealism. Heaven is a real world; we, do we ever get there, shall be real men; and the realities of an actual, substantial, glorious life, will there surround and occupy us. This, my lord, or man will not be man."

"I cannot see it otherwise."

"But the mental life, my noble friend, is equally guaranteed in the nature of our being. So long as the spirit dwells within a body, whether here or hereafter, it must hold converse with outward things through the bodily faculties; and this joint action of the soul and body, then as now, will constitute the mental life. We

shall, therefore, not only see, and hear, and receive other sensitive impressions from the world about us, but think, and reason, and fancy, and feel, and resolve in reference to these impressions. We cannot, it seems to me, conceive of the soul's dwelling within the body, and being saluted thus through the bodily organs, without drawing the conclusion, that it must, more or less, be thus occupied with such salutations."

"No inference could be more natural, my lord."

"And yet, it will not be then, as it is not now, exclusively thus occupied. There is a life above and beyond the mental. If, in our present low estate, darkened and depressed within the walls of our material prison-house, we find it possible to lift the spirit above the senses, above mere intellect, above every thing with which the body has connection, and look out upon the eternal forms of truth, and commune with everlasting principles, and even hold direct audience with the Almighty, how much more easily shall we be able to ascend into this supersensual, spiritual, and radiant world, the special dwelling-place of Deity, when the heaven-aspiring soul shall inhabit a spiritualized body, and both shall be free from the weights that here draw us downward! This casting-off of sense, and of all sense-thought, which we here find possible in prayer, in faith, in hope, in all pure worship, will, in the future state, evidently constitute our highest and holiest life. Indeed, sense itself, being spiritualized, and thought, based on this spiritualization, will both spontaneously assume this upward tendency, and, like a pair of wings, waft the soul to higher and higher regions ever. Do I talk idly, my lord, in these opinions?"

"Most excellently; for heaven begins to open up with more reality to my vision."

"Perhaps, my friend, because it is the want of this reality in the current view of our future life, that makes heaven seem so empty and unpromising. It lies like a land of dreams and shadows in the distance. If a rapt saint, or a bard-prophet, speaks of it as a substantial world, where grass, and fruit, and flowers grow, where mountains rise and rivers roll, their language is set down to the license of poetry, or of devotion. But mark me, my noble friend, as certainly as the man Jesus is now in heaven, as truly as other men are raised from death to follow him, so surely will that be an actual, substantial, sense-seen world, where such beings go to dwell. Believe me, there will be a solid foothold to walk on; a heavenly air to feed our inspirations; light to break in beauty upon our eyelids; sounds, as soft as symphonies, to warble upon our hearing; odors, sweeter than the scent of roses, fruits more fragrant than the growth of earthly paradise, and a universe of tangible objects of the fairest forms and qualities, to gratify and delight us. Grass will grow, flowers will bloom, fruits will ripen, forests will wave, rivers and rivulets will roll, high hills will tower, valleys will wind and vales expand, and, beyond them all, far as the eye can reach, vast blue oceans will for ever heave, and sigh, and swell, where such as we shall go to enjoy the faculties we carry with us."

"A glorious theatre for the physical life of the future man."

"Indeed, but the physical, as here, will feed the mental life. Amid all these heavenly scenes, as we wander from vale to vale, or climb the flowery mountain, or wind along on the banks of peaceful rivers, or stand musing on the wide ocean's shore, thought will be busy

all the time, and such high thought as we never had before. Not only the qualities, but the essence of all things will be plain. The close connections, the nice dependencies, the several links in the august chain of beings, as well as of causes and events, will stand out revealed. Questions discussed here for ages, and without success, will there be settled at a glance. The riddles of hoary speculation will amuse by their obviousness and simplicity. Memory, reason, imagination, every intellectual faculty, will there be fully occupied; the work of expanding these several powers, with every other susceptibility of our nature, will be our ceaseless employment; and this self-education, by those means of which heaven is full, will every hour bring us to behold, in creation's thousand objects, more and more of God."

"That, my lord, should be the result, the end, the aim, of all we study here; but tell me by what means, whether of books and other instruments of science, or in some way else, this high work of education shall be carried forward."

"Not by books, my friend; for what are they but the poor receptacles of what their authors better knew than they could write? No man, not even Plato, ever penned a syllable equal to his thought. Why, then, shall heaven obscurely toil with books, when they who made them, or might have better made, are there to tell us all they know? The thoughtless scholar would vainly take his classics to the skies. But, tell me, what shall Herodotus, what shall Livy, what shall the imperfect pages of any historic writer do, where men coeval with every event in time, and eager to pour out their stores, shall crowd the soil? Who will regret his Aristotle, or the world's proudest reasoners, when the reason's first hour in heaven will resolve for itself, and by the help of heaven's living philosophers, more than all earth's sages ever dreamed? Nay, even of Fancy's fairy throng, who will ever shed a tear for his loved poets left behind, his bards of ancient or of modern fame, when the first trial-flight which his new-born imagination there may make, shall higher mount, and more widely soar, than any earth-clad genius, poised on most ambitious pinion, ever hoped to do? Besides, the common speech of heaven, the rustic talk of her obscurest sons, shall be more beautiful, and warble with a softer melody, than the fall and swell of *Æolia's* wind-swept lyre, or that Ionian sweetness that entranced the world from Scio's sea-girt isle. With conversation carried on in heaven's dialect, while wandering at will among the fairest works of God, those seeking information, having made choice of their instructors, will spend their time at large. Here, beneath some spreading trees of heavenly foliage, will sit a group, listening to the old patriarchs, the fathers of history, while they recount the incidents of time ere books were known. There, on the summit of yon towering hill, the sage of Zion, who 'spake' of all things, whose unstudied lore eclipsed the wisdom of the schools, stands, pointing out the separate glories of the wide-spread world, from its rocky centre to the overhanging stars. Everywhere, in the shaded dells, on the grass-green lawns, within the leafy thickets, along the high and airy glades, the sons and daughters of poesy and of song—Miriams with their timbrels, and Davids with their hymns and harps—sit, drawing up visions of their eventful future, or rouse from every cavern the sleeping echo, filling the atmosphere of heaven with a melody heard only by celestial ears. Why, then, my friend, shall they require the aid of books? The

universe, in its length and breadth, like an outrolled parchment, lies out before them as the first, last, best book."

"Wonderful indeed is heaven, if such a place; but, as books are needless, what of instruments of science, such as the savans of earth now use?"

"Nay, let me return the query, noble friend. What are these instruments but the helps of our imperfect senses? Suppose, now, the senses themselves are rendered perfect, then why employ these helps?"

"I cannot comprehend this."

"Do we not wear glasses, or employ telescopes, for impaired or imperfect vision? Does not the dull ear seek a trumpet? Let, now, our eyes, our ears, all our sensual organs, be perfected, and these instruments will be laid aside, as a recovered invalid throws away his crutches. Man, in his present state, is an invalid. If, before his fall, though using the faculties of a material but undamaged body, he could, on looking at God's creatures, behold at once their several natures, and give them names accordingly, how much more acute will our sense-perceptions be, when raised to inhabit our future, spiritual, celestial bodies? If the mortal eyes of the loved disciple, or those of Israel's seer, could be quickened to behold the door of heaven opened, or the chariots of the angels rushing down the Syrian mountains; if the ears of the Cilician Saul, or of the sleeping child-prophet, could be so touched as to hear words uttered from heavenly regions; what greater feats of sight and sound will they be prepared to do, who, in the transparent world above, shall look through eyes, and list through ears, such as bodies fashioned after the Lord's glorious body must surely have? Who, indeed, can tell me, that the constituent properties of all beings will not be at once discoverable to the touch? that the esculent and remedial qualities of every plant and herb will not reveal themselves to the joint scrutiny of the smell and taste? that the most diminutive and distant sounds, the working of the invisible insects, the rush of vegetation's uprising and circulating sap, the motions of the electric currents, all the operations of secret nature—the very rattling of the rays of light, as they come, like hail-showers, falling upon the upturned roofs of the rolling worlds—will not be listened to by immortal ears? that to the powerful eye of the celestials, ranging with more than telescopic vision through the depths of space, orbs unseen by astronomic glasses, regions unvisited by mortal sight; nay, the whole, glorious, dazzling universe, from the heavenly centre on every side to the starry covering that surrounds and canopies it all, will not stand forth revealed? Such is my faith, my lord. What thinkest thou?"

"It is all admirable. Such a heaven will be worthy of the Almighty, giving glorious exercise to our faculties, which, perfected and employed as thou hast said, will banish all monotony, and grant us seeming occupancy of the universe."

"Say not *seeming* occupancy, my lord; for, in such a state, with spiritual instead of material bodies, to which the law of gravity applies not, what shall hinder travel? Nor is there any argument for restraint. Heaven, speaking strictly, is not a place. Heaven is all places—the universe—wherever God's felt presence goes. That universe, as I said before, is the home, the eternal dwelling-house, of man. It is the temple of the living God. Within that temple, it is true, there are several courts; within its most sacred adytum the glorious Shech-

inah shines, where, in peculiar lustre, the Deity reveals himself; but the whole gorgeous edifice is divine, and sanctified, and ordained for use. No chain binds heaven's inhabitant to any spot. Free as the mountain bird, with pinions such as thought employs, he may rise and soar away to the most distant twinkling luminary, roam through the ethereal fields, bathe his immortal brow in the blue regions far beyond where optic glasses go, walk upon the solid pavement of worlds unknown to fame, poise his adventurous foot upon creation's beetling verge, looking out into the void above, around, below, and gather up from every object visited, and from every region traveled over, the jewels of truth that lie sparkling on every hand. This, my friend, will employ much of our time in heaven. To the physical powers, this heaven will be a paradise; to the intellectual, a school, a university, where every conceivable subject shall be successively the theme of study. Through every object the mind of God will find contact with the mind of man. Through every leaf and flower, through every stone and star, the light of the All-brilliant will come streaming to our several faculties. This constant intercommunication with the Deity, this thinking of his thoughts as we meet them in their sensible manifestations throughout all his works, will give wonderful vitality, and growth, and comprehensiveness to our intellectual capacities; and that growth, that expansiveness, carried forward by these world-wide studies, is to be perpetual and eternal."

"Wonderful, more and more wonderful, seems heaven! But say, my lord, will joy attend on knowledge? Or, as here, will knowledge but increase our sorrow?"

"Human science, such as men get here, augments our sorrow by showing us our infirmities—our distance from the perfect state. But there, where our imperfections are made up, where all knowledge is but acquaintance with the Deity, what room for grief? Nay, my friend, knowledge and joy will there be one; and joy will be in proportion to our strength of faculty; and the strength of our faculties will be for ever growing while the ages roll. There will come a time, indeed, in the revolving cycles of eternity, when the feeblest intelligence that ever reaches heaven shall have higher thoughts, and deeper penetration, and a greater breadth of being, and, consequently, a larger degree of happiness, than are now possessed by the tallest of the sons of light. Think thou, my lord, a moment. Behold the progress of a living man during his brief stay in this world of gloom. Here he lies, to-day, a sleeping, thoughtless, helpless infant, scarcely conscious of existence. To-morrow, that same weak child, in spite of his sluggish nature, in spite of his erring sense-organs, roused by the little heaven-light that glimmers through the chinks of his material body, has risen up to be a God-like being, has measured the earth, has weighed the planets, has fathomed the depths of his own being, has comprehended earth's past history, has grasped and interpreted the prophetic shadows of events yet future, and now proposes to grapple with things necessary, absolute, eternal, thus daring to set his foot within the precincts of the Omniscent! All this, my lord, the half of one brief century has done, under circumstances the most discouraging! What, then, shall be the progress of a soul in heaven, employing the organs of a celestial body, instructed by patriarchs, angels, and archangels, with the universe as the theatre, and eternity as the scope, of its exertions! And yet, mark it, this progress is to be the rising index

of our felicity! The prospect, it seems to me, my friend, is enough to raise us quite to a state of ecstasy!"

"It is truly, my lord, and sublimely overwhelming. I am lost in admiration, and know not what to inquire of farther."

"But hast thou no interests lodged there?"

"But little treasure, I fear me, my lord, (the Duke shed a tear as he said this;) but I have a sainted mother, of whom it gives me joy to think, though death hath dissolved our relationship, she may be the subject of such happiness."

"What, my lord?"

"My mother is now, I trust, in heaven."

"And thou, her son, hast ceased to be her son, because she has gone from one apartment of your common dwelling to another?"

"Is not marriage, my lord, the root of all earthly relationships?"

"Nothing is more certain."

"Unless it is, perchance, that marriage is unknown in heaven, and, consequently, all the relations, ties, affinities, predilections, and heart-feelings coming from it. Doth not the Scripture say so?"

"No."

"What doth it say?"

"That there is no marrying in heaven."

"Is not that the same?"

"Nay, it is the contrary; for, were there marriage-making there, it were the place for the beginning of new connections, for the erasure of all old records, for the laying of the foundation of new families, to the eternal abrogation, in many instances, perhaps, of ties formed here. But now, there being no new matrimony there, nothing is plainer than that the fruits of old relationships are to survive and flourish. The fruits, my lord, the affections springing from these earthly affinities, and not the affinities themselves; for when, on the plains of glory, amid the company of heaven, thou meetest her who bore thee, thou wilt not feel to say, as thou foldest thy arms about her, thou *art*, but thou *wast*, my mother! And she, as she presses thee to her heart with a mother's fervency, or holds thee out to those about her, will not say, this *is*, but this *was*, my son!"

"And she will still love me as her son?"

"Love thee? With a purer, stronger, higher love, than earth-dwelling mother ever knew."

"O blessed! This, my lord, toucheth me in a tender part. But tell me, thou wise, how shall I know her, and how shall she know me?"

"By looking each with your two eyes upon the other's features, which, though glorified, are not altered, but are as a finished picture is to the first rough outlines."

"Other friends, my lord, will then be recognizable?"

"Nay, all; for who could, who would, conceal himself?"

"Each retaining the recollection of old acquaintanceships?"

"Unless memory, in the perfect state, be more imperfect than now it is."

"And we may choose them as our companions, when so it pleaseth us?"

"Heaven has no restraint for these socialities; but, with his choice friend, his mother, brother, sister, wife, child, or with all together, each man may wander forth over the flowery hills and plains of glory, drawing delight from every object, discoursing of things past and present, and weighing their former sorrows against their

new happiness. There, the lover and his loved shall meet, who, separated by death ere reaching the consummation of their wishes, went down to their graves with this single hope shining like a star upon them. Then, those here known as opponents—opponents by misunderstanding, but whose lives were pure—will meet to explain and confess their foibles, and to smile over their little differences. There, the Davids and Jonathans of all ages, as faithful to God as to each other, will rise up to find their loves immortal. There, the patriot, whose Christian blood was poured out as an offering for his country, will be called forth to receive the gratitude and greetings of his countrymen. There, the philanthropist, from whose wide charities whole nations were made happy, will be brought forward into the midst of approving multitudes. There, the martyr-minister, who, at the peril of life, defended his confiding flock against the heresies and threatenings of intrenched power, will hear the thanks of all heaven given him. All men will stand there according to their characters. All the relations between man and man, which the Creator has ordained and revelation has sanctified, will there be recognized for ever. All the joys of earth, social as well as personal, will be treasured there, because we cannot go to heaven without carrying our natures and our recollections with us."

"O this will be a still higher glory; but there is one thorn left in the rosy picture. Will not that faithful memory, which recalls so perfectly our joys and pleasures, bring up, also, the long catalogue of our follies, vices, crimes, to torture us?"

The lord lieutenant here looked about him upon the prisoners, whom the Duke did not think of, but whose haggard faces had long been flushed by the conversation of the great philosopher. No words can fitly tell the interest they manifested in this final question. A sudden pallor struck them; and not a foot, not a hand, not a muscle moved, as they bent forward, all unconsciously, to catch the first and last syllable of the coming answer.

"They who reach heaven, my lord," replied the sage, "will go there on the ground of a free and full pardon, unmerited by them, but covering every one of their transgressions. Whence, then, this torture? Will it not be rather joy? As they hold the double-columned roll of their spiritual debt and credit up before them—a horrid list!—and ponder upon each several entry, a glorious spectacle will be exhibited! On the one side they might well blush to find the record, minute by minute, of every deed, act, word, passion, feeling, thought, great and small, open and secret, from their cradle to their grave; but on the other, with unspeakable rapture, will they read the inscription with which the hand of Mercy has confronted this black scroll: 'By virtue of the shed blood of the Redeemer, through the personal faith of the within-named immortal, for the glory of the great God and the diffusion of his own beatitude, the fore-entered thoughts, feelings, passions, words, acts, deeds, not one of which was purely good, but of which every one is proved deficient or most damnable, are all, by authority of Him who ruleth and is blessed,' (the eye now runs down the roll, still reading,) 'pardoned, pardoned, pardoned,' to the very bottom! O the transport of that victorious moment! Their very crimes and sins, so far from bringing farther pain, being 'taken away' by the great Sacrifice, will stand for ever as indices of sovereign mercy! Their blackness will give expression to its brightness; their number, so countless,

will furnish some exponent, however faint, of its infinity; the very length of the awful list will serve as a sounding-line to test, though vainly, the unsearchable and unfathomable depths of God's mysterious love! To this love, on the instant of entering heaven, every heart will turn! 'Show me,' will each one cry, as he sets foot upon that green and flowery shore—'show me, ye holy ones, ye messengers of light, where I may find Him by whose death I live?' As they move up in their rapid search, nothing in all around them, however captivating, can draw them from their pursuit. 'Meet me not, ye winds, with such a soft and soul-like touch; tempt not my thirst, ye sparkling waters pure; nor yet my taste, ye fruits so clustering fair; strike not my sense with such delicious sweetness, robbing me of power to move, ye living flowers so gay; ye choristers of glory, warbling with such a ravishment in this world of joy, roll not these heavenly strains around to give me pause; ye fields of paradise, with hills, and vales, and rocks, and rolling streams, and shaded river-banks, and leafy woods, and falling floods, and oceans spreading to the far horizon's verge, stay not my steps; and you, ye lustrous orbs of light, that down upon this radiant scene do look so lovingly, let not one single ray allure or hold my sight, but send me, from your glittering hosts, one solitary star, like that which led the inquiring sages up through Bethlehem's rocky vales, that I, like them, may haste and find where my Redeemer dwells!' The loftiest intellects, as well as they of humbler powers, will join the general voice: 'Let sense be hushed, and memory fail, and curious reason cease, and fancy's magic work lie still, till conscience bows in worship to her high Original; till passion falls before her Purifier; till the soul may satisfy herself, if but for one brief hour at first, in adoration to her Redeemer and Creator, holding fast by faith, and hope, and charity, to the bosom of her God!' Such, my lord, will be the opening scene of paradise; and often, at stated intervals—for heaven also has her Sabbaths—while the eternal ages roll, will every occupation cease, while angel, and archangel, and patriarch, and prophet, and apostle, and every order, class, grade, and tribe of heaven's busy multitudes, will come from every region, thronging to the mount of worship, where the throne is set—where the martyrs stand—where the elders sit—where the harpers harp—where the company of the singers shout—where the lightnings and thunders are mingled with the sound of trumpets—where the voice of 'every creature that is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and of such as are in the sea, and of all that are in them, are heard, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever!' This, my lord, is the spiritual life! It will occupy us much in the future state; and ever, so long as man is man, so long as God remains unchangeable, will the two lower forms of life be but tributary to this, and this employ and expand our highest faculties, thus opening in each breast a personal and inextinguishable heaven, while all shall be rising to that transcendent beatitude and glory for which every man was made!"

The philosopher ceased speaking. His countenance was flushed. His eyes sparkled with unearthly radiance. His audience sat mutely gazing on him. Never, perhaps, since Moses descended from Sinai with shining face, were the features of a man so changed, so elevated, so transfigured, by the inspiration of his thoughts. The lieutenant was as pale as death; Buckingham, with his

lips still working, as if busy with a thought too deep for words, was yet silent, until, looking round upon the prisoners, he was touched to the quick by what he saw, when he broke forth into a flood of passion. The convicts were shedding hot tears, that fell like showers upon their chains. The lieutenant, turning his eyes, and catching the infection, too, fell to weeping with the rest. The Duke, recovering himself, and feeling within his own heart what all the others felt, became again their representative, and, with a trembling but impassioned tone, exclaimed:

"Tell me, then, O thou sage, if such be heaven, how can a mortal man most quickly fit himself to go and make it his?"

The philosopher, roused by the magnitude of the question, stood upon his feet. Seizing a small volume of the King's new version of the Scriptures as he rose, and lifting his right hand in the most emphatic manner, he spoke: "Live, sir, according to this book. Let faith take the place of sight. Let love come in and purify thy heart. Then, sir, thou carriest a heaven within. Wherever thou art, sir, there will be a heaven. Thy first heaven will be here on earth; thy second, between death and the resurrection; and the third, when the glorified soul shall take possession of the spiritual, wonderful, immortal body, to dwell in that upper, gorgeous, universal world of love, and truth, and beauty, of which we have been discoursing. But remember, sir, nay, lay it to thy heart, whatever thou art at death, thou wilt be for ever, whether in hell or heaven; since heaven itself would be a hell, and hell a heaven, according to the character a man shall carry with him!" *More anon.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"I remember, on one occasion," says Mr. Hay, who refers to a visit he made to Morocco, in Africa, "traveling in this country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine: we had arrived at a dooar, near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebellers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, 'Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed, 'May God curse me, if ever I curse again those who hold such belief; nay more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'" We have many similar proofs, furnished by our missionaries, that pagans cling to their false religions from sheer ignorance of the true.

MARRIAGE.

The praise of married life is finely sung in the following lines:

"For high the bliss that waits on wedded love,
Best, purest emblem of the bliss above:
To draw new raptures from another's joy,
To share each pang, and half its sting destroy,
Of one fond heart to be the slave and lord,
Bless and be bless'd, adore and be ador'd;
To own the link of soul, the chain of mind,
Sublimest friendship, passion most refined—
Passion, to life's last evening hour still warm,
And friendship, brightest in the darkest storm."

THE CLASSICS AND THE BIBLE.

THE following extract from a recent article in the *Edinburg Review*, on the *Vanity and Glory of Literature*, passes a singularly just and eloquent tribute on the Greek and Roman classics and the Bible:

"In turning over the pages of such a book as the *London Catalogue*, one is struck, amidst the apparent mutations in literature, with the seemingly fixed and unchanging influence of two portions of it—the Greek and Roman classics and the BIBLE. Much of the literature produced by both partakes, no doubt, of the fate which attends other kinds; the books they severally elicit, whether critical or theological, pass away; but they themselves retain their hold on the human mind, become ingrafted into the literature of every civilized nation, and continue to evoke a never-ending series of volumes in their defense, illustration, or explication. On a very moderate computation we think it may be affirmed, from an inspection of this catalogue, that at least one-third of the works it contains are the consequence, more or less direct, of the two portions of literature to which we here refer; in the shape of new editions, translations, commentaries, grammars, dictionaries, or historical, chronological, and geographical illustrations.

"The old Greek and Roman classics have indeed a paradoxical destiny. They cannot, it seems, grow old; and time, which 'antiquates antiquity itself,' to use an expression of Sir Thomas Browne, still leaves them untouched. The ancients alone possessed in perfection the art of *embalming* thought. The severe taste which surrounds them, has operated like the pure air of Egypt in preserving the sculptures and paintings of that country; where travelers tell us that the traces of the chisel are often as sharp, and the colors of the paintings as bright, as if the artists had quitted their work but yesterday.

"There is one aspect in which even the most utilitarian despiser of the classics can hardly sneer at them. From being selected by the unanimous suffrage of all civilized nations, (the moment they became worthy of the name,) as an integral element in all liberal education, as the masters of language and models of taste, these venerable authors play, as this catalogue shows, a very important part even in the commercial transactions of mankind. It is curious to think of these ancient spirits furnishing no inconsiderable portion of the modern world with their daily bread; and in the employment they give to so many thousands of schoolmasters, editors, commentators, authors, printers, and publishers, constituting a very positive item in the industrial activity of nations. A political economist, thinking only of his own science, should look with respect on the strains of Homer and Virgil; when he considers that, directly or indirectly, they have probably produced more material wealth than half the mines which human cupidity has opened, or half the inventions of the most mechanical age—if we except the loom, the steam engine, and a few score more. It is very foolish of mankind, some may say, to allow them this varied and permanent influence. But into that question we need not enter. We are speaking as to the fact only, and shall leave mankind to defend themselves.

"The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents us with a still more singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it

may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible *causes*, than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any *other* book of religion, thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities, varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake to pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defense. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshipers becomes extinct, often long before. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel any thing but the utmost indifference (except as an object of philosophic curiosity) about the religion of other nations; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more tedious or unattractive than that which treats of their theology. The elegant mythologies of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly the moment they fell. The Koran of Mohammed has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness, and stupidity, than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstitions; or, if it really has merits, which, *though* a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition; so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff or ridicule. In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir Walter Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. 'Can you ask?' said Sir Walter; 'there is but ONE;' and requested him to read a chapter of the Gospel of John. When will an *equal* genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birthplace of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we by any stretch of imagination suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedas or the Koran?"

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A GOOD conscience is a continual feast, and a peaceful mind the antepast of heaven.

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

We shall give the reader as brief, and yet as clear a statement of the present aspect of the leading nations as we can.

1. Politically, the world has taken some new positions within a month.

England, among European nations, claims first attention. Parliament was prorogued on the ninth of August. The country is quiet. There are no excitements of any character.

In Ireland a serious riot took place on the twelfth of July between the Orangemen and the Catholics in the county of Down, in which nearly fifty men were slain, the Catholics suffering the greater loss.

The French republic is going on steadily toward consolidation. Bonaparte seems determined to be King. Prince Canino, son of Lucien Bonaparte, and late President of the Roman Continental Assembly, was recently arrested by order of the French government, that is, by order of the Prince's cousin, the President of France. The Prince was on his way from Marseilles to Paris. It is said that he visited the capital for the purpose of presenting a bill against his cousin for moneys lent during his kinsman's days of poverty, obscurity, and trial. But the President was not to be dunned; so, as the latest piece of French diplomacy and wit, the unfortunate creditor is put under arrest. What a thorough villain that President must be!

Rome has fallen before the cannon of Gen. Oudinot. The French troops have occupied the Eternal City. The Pope has written a letter to Oudinot, expressing his gratitude, telling him how much he returns the favor done him by praying daily for the General, for Bonaparte, and for the people of Rome! The French are throwing money among that people; the two strongest friends of Pius, Cardinal Ricolle and the Marquis Cacchete, have reached Rome from Gaeta; and the next thing to be chronicled, and that before this page shall be read by those for whom it is intended, is the return of the Pope to the Quirinal.

The combined armies of Austria, Russia, and the Magyars, have gained a doubtful victory over the Hungarians. These noble sons of liberty, however, have proved themselves, in more than one hard contest, worthy of their fame. Some authorities will have it, that the Hungarians have been victorious in every engagement, and that their prospect of ultimate success is yet good. As to immediate success, our opinion is the other way. In no part of Germany has the true spirit of rational liberty, of republican purity, and of patriotic self-sacrifice and energy, been seen. The German liberals do not yet understand the business they have in hand. They must enter the school of Washington to learn.

The Turkish ambassador at Paris received a dispatch by a courier, announcing that Bem had again completely defeated the Russians at Transylvania, and that the latter had been compelled to take refuge in Wallachia. Buda and Pesth surrendered to the Russians without resistance.

Prussia, Saxony, and Hanover, have entered into treaty; and several principalities and duchies have given in their adhesion to the treaty, thus foregoing all efforts at reform. So goes poor Germany! She is now forging for herself a heavier set of chains than ever she wore before!

2. Pecuniarily, the world is rapidly putting on a brighter face. In the London business circles, money is abundant at from two to two and a half per cent. English securities have an upward tendency. Consols—that is, many sorts of stocks which have been consolidated at an interest of three per cent.—sell at ninety-three per centum, cash. At Paris, money is easy on good securities, but circulates slowly and sparsely among the people. In this country, at Boston, New York, and all the great cities, money is abundant; but it is supposed to be very scarce in the districts most distant from these centres.

3. In a literary point of view, it is needful to say only, that more books are now issuing from the press, than would fill, barely with their titles, two such periodicals as ours every month! The best works are always noticed in the great Reviews; and by perusing the tables of contents of these Reviews, as we furnish them with our opinion of each article affixed, our readers can obtain some idea of what the literary world is, from time to time, about.

The BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW for July comes with the following list:

1. *Thoughts on the Atonement, with Remarks on the Views of S. T. Coleridge, by Rev. Henry Neill.* The writer presents the two leading aspects of the atonement—first, as it relates to the good done for man; secondly, as it relates to the justification of the righteousness of the law. He thinks that Coleridge looked only to the former; that other divines look only to the latter; while the true way is to look equally and always to both.

2. *Classical Studies*, by Professor J. J. Owen, D. D., in which these studies are ably defended, and an excellent mode of pursuing them is pointed out.

3. *The Sandwich Islands—their History and Relations to the Rest of the World*—by Rev. H. T. Cheever—interesting reminiscences of a visit to the islands, together with critical remarks.

4. *Exposition of Romans viii*, 19-23, by Rev. S. Comfort, in which the writer takes ground against Mr. Wesley's doctrine about the resurrection of animals.

5. *The Spirit of Literature and Art*, by H. P. Tappan, D. D.—a little too laudatory of the good that theatres might do!

6. *Christianity set forth according to its Peculiar Essence*, from the German of Schleiermacher, by Rev. W. Hall—able. Every minister ought to read it.

7. *Argument for the Being of God*, from the Constitution of Man, by Rev. J. M. Macdonald—a topic as old as Thales of Miletus, but offered in a new and striking manner.

8. *Peters and Smith on Baptism*, by Rev. J. J. Dana—not read.

9. *Astronomical Views of the Ancients*, by Professor T. Lewis, LL. D.—learned, logical, profound; but we would suggest to the publisher, that his proof-reader has made sad havoc with the Professor's Latin and Greek quotations. Such typographical blunders should not occur in so elevated a work.

10. *Homily on the Greatness of the Scriptures*, by T. H. Skinner, D. D.—an old topic with the Doctor—well-handled.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for July comes freighted thus:

1. *Goldsmith*—a fine review of the poet's life by Forster. The only exception we take to it, and that a slight one, relates to the reviewer's criticism of the Vicar of Wakefield. We have now no objections to offer to his eulogies of that tale, though any kind of praise given to a novel will seem a little strange to some; but when the writer thinks that Goldsmith got tired of his work before completing it, and so wound it off in haste, we imagine there is some mistake. The whole plot required precisely such a close.

2. *Charles Wesley and his Poetry*, is a brief but judicious tribute to the great hymnist of Methodism—a finely-written article.

3. *Julian, the Apostate*, can be characterized by the words clear, discriminative, just, and, in style, is chaste and beautiful.

4. *James Milnor* begins with a few caustic remarks on the biographer, Dr. Stone, but proceeds to give a correct and favorable account of Dr. Milnor's life and labors. The article is short and exceedingly well-written.

5. *Plan and Structure of the Book of Ecclesiastes*—second paper—is, like the first paper, able and well-prepared; but we do not believe the "Plan."

6. *The Preparation for Christianity in the History of the World a Proof of its Divine Origin* is, on the whole, the article of the number; but the subject is an old one, and, in spite of its learned show, could have required but very little research.

7. *The Baptist Psalmist*—a merited critique, but closing before it has fairly begun.

8. *The Planet Le Verrier*—a very clear vindication of the astronomer's claims as a discoverer.

9. *Cheever's Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress*—brief, fair, just.

10. *Philosophical Study of Language*—like its predecessor on the same subject.

11. *Philosophy of Christian Perfection*—too brief, too timid, evading the great points at issue.

12. *The Editorial Department*—well-furnished and ably managed.

We have to regret, in this number, only the want of the contributors' names.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE. *Revised by D. P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.*—We place this small volume at the head of our list of Book Notices, because we regard it as worthy of the honor, in comparison with those that follow. The subject discussed is profoundly philosophical; and our only wonder is, that such a work should find companionship and popularity among books for juveniles. Still, if it be a fact, that our Sabbath schools are prepared to hail such a book as this, we shall be prouder than ever of the intellectual character of our country. The volume takes the ground that *language is the gift of God by revelation*; and it offers many weighty, if not unanswerable objections, among many very weak ones, to the theory of its being a human invention. In addition to its present field of circulation, we ask for the book a wide perusal among those who consider themselves too old to learn any thing in a Sabbath school.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE. *Revised by D. P. Kidder. New York: Lane & Scott. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1849.*—This is a succinct history of the rise and progress, if we may so call it, of the work of forming our English translation of the Bible, from the fragmentary efforts of the Anglo-Saxons to the achievement of the great enterprise under James the First. It is a volume which should be read by every body.

THE CAVES OF THE EARTH: their Natural History, Features, and Incidents. *Lane & Scott and Swormstedt & Power.*—This is a book of ten chapters: I. Introductory. II. Structure of Caverns. III. Position of Caverns. IV. Natural History of Caverns. V. Grand Examples of Caverns. VI. Ice, Mephitic, and Osseous Caverns. VII. Cave Dwellers. VIII. Cave Refugees. IX. Cavern Temples. X. Sepulchral Caves. It is deeply interesting.

THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOR. *Lane & Scott and Swormstedt & Power.*—This, of course, is a good book, because it relates the chief incidents in the life of Jesus; but, after all, we never saw the book having this title, that did not dwindle into nothing, or as near nothing as may be, in comparison with the life of the Savior as written by the Evangelists. And yet this latter book is in the hands of nearly all readers. Such a volume is in bad taste. So, at all events, it seems to us; but thousands will differ from us in this opinion.

A SERMON ON THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN. *By Stephen Olin, D. D., President of Wesleyan University. Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry-street, New York. 1849.*—This is a republication of the article in a late number of the Methodist Quarterly noticed in the Repository two or three months ago. Our opinion of its merits was then fully expressed. It is one of the ablest productions of that able writer. It is now thrown into a tract form for universal distribution. The Agents at New York have laid the whole country under a debt of gratitude for this disposition of it; and we hope it will be called for by the ten thousand and scattered broadcast all over the land.

REGISTER OF THE CADETS AND REGULATIONS OF THE WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE AT GEORGETOWN, KY. 1848-9.—We are not a warrior, nor a friend to war, the Sempronian spirit having gone out of us a long time ago. We go for peace; but, at the same time, if there must be war, we have no objection to its being carried on scientifically; and, having looked *thoroughly* through this document, we are prepared to say, that, in our judgment, the institution is "armed and equipped according to law." It looks like a first-rate school in every respect.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE GENESSEE WESLEYAN SEMINARY, LIMA. 1849.—We tender our thanks to the excellent Principal of the above-named institution, Rev. James L. Alverson, M. A., for this Catalogue. It had been a long time since we had received any direct and authentic intelligence of that favorite institution. We have always had the deepest interest in its welfare. It belongs to the conference within whose bounds we spent our early and happy days. We rejoice in its great prosperity. It has now,

we learn, a faculty of nine able instructors. It has, we further understand, an endowment of \$40,000, and a prospect of being soon changed from a seminary to a college. As it now, therefore, is about to enter upon a loftier career than ever, but one surrounded by more than common dangers, we hope and trust that God will give wisdom to its guardians, that it may be carried safely through its transition crisis, and rise to the highest reputation and character among the fraternity of American literary institutions.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. 1848-9.—This institution is still rising, as it deserves to rise. There is every element of vitality in it, though, at the present, with a small lack of the pecuniary, perhaps. Every thing else is right. Its Board of Trustees are among the first gentlemen in the west. Its Visitors, and its Committee of Examination, are men of the highest stamp. And, in reference to its Faculty, we think it can be truly said, that it would not be an easy task to find, in this nation, six men more able to do their work than Dr. Thomson, and Professors F. Merrick, Johnson, McCabe, Williams, and C. Merrick, who now occupy the chairs of the University. The course of study is ample, wisely selected, and well-arranged; and the instruction given is thorough and minute. The college now enrolls one hundred and eighty students; and their number is increasing from year to year.

SEVENTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE OF CINCINNATI, OHIO. 1848-9.—As ever, this institution is highly prosperous. It has students from fifteen states.

FIRST ANNUAL CATALOGUE AND CIRCULAR OF THE NEWARK WESLEYAN INSTITUTE. 1849.—To this model institution we have referred in high terms before; and we still think it is, as a whole, in its theory and plan, unparalleled in the land. It is a mixed school, and yet unmixed; for, though both sexes are admitted into the building, that building is so arranged, and the order of the school is such, that a gentleman and lady in attendance can never even see each other, while on the premises, unless at the same moment they are in the presence of a teacher. This peculiarity we have not room to explain; but it is even so, for we have examined the whole concern for ourself. The plan is, also, so perfect, that a small board of teachers can carry out all the instruction, whether the number in attendance be large or small; and should the number now there be doubled in a single day, but *one* more instructor, we are told, would be required, and that because there is now a vacancy in a single chair. We last year awarded great and just praise to our old friend, Rev. D. P. Kidder, in relation to the getting up of this school; but he sends us a *demurrer* to all this, saying that others are more worthy than himself. We would oblige him by publishing his note had we room. The school has now a popular Principal, Mr. S. Chase, M. A., and eleven assistants; and the students, for the first year, number no less than three hundred and thirty-one! Its board of instruction is large and able. The location is not only eligible but elegant. The expenses, for a school of such a grade, are low. The Trustees, and Faculty, and friends of the institution, are doing every thing in their power to make it superior to every other in the land.

MINUTES OF THE NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE FOR THE YEAR 1848-9.—This is the clearest and best-arranged book of Minutes we have ever seen. We learn from it, that, at its recent session, six persons were admitted on trial; that eight remain on trial; that one, only, was admitted into full connection; that it has ten traveling and local deacons; that three have located within the year; that it has three supernumerary, and twenty-two superannuated, preachers; that none have been expelled, and only one has withdrawn, within the year; that no preacher has died; and their reported membership is, in all the conference, only 11,758—less, probably, than we have in Hamilton county! They have one hundred and five traveling preachers and one hundred and twelve members to a preacher. Fixing the average salary of a preacher at \$450, each member pays \$4 annually. The same average in Cincinnati would give about \$1,280 to each pastor.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

By the good providence of God, gentle reader, we are brought to behold the beginning of another month. The mild, mellow, melancholy autumn has arrived. The scorching heat of summer has abated; the cool nights and dewy mornings have come on; and the withering leaf, late so tender and so green, begins to rustle more dryly in the passing wind.

The month of August, through which we have just made our way, has been a month of sickness, of death, of tears. Thousands, who, when the month first dawned, were well, and prosperous, and happy, are now lying in the silent grave. Their friends now weep around the spots where the loved ones lie. May the thirty days that now undertake their course, bring health and happiness to the suffering of every land!

The contributors to our work have done well for the present number. They hail, as they should in a periodical so widely patronized, from every part, though the majority of the whole are residents of the west. They stand, in this relation, thus: *two* are of New England; *one*, of old England; *one*, of France; *two* of the middle states, lying on both sides of the dividing mountains; while *seven* are citizens of the west. We have always had about this proportion of western and eastern writers for our work, though our predecessors exerted themselves much with their eastern friends to obtain the services of their pens. We have made no such exertion, for the simple reason, that, nearly ever since we came to the office, our editorial drawers have been full. We stand here at our post and thankfully receive whatever the great public sends; and from what it sends we make the best selection possible for us to make, without any reference to the localities where the writers may reside. We would be glad if every section of the country would represent itself in our columns, by the ablest writers each section has; but, if they neglect the privilege, we have nothing more to do, than make the best of what we have and can obtain.

Several of our contributors have wished us to adopt some plan by which we could give them a private hint, in the Editor's Table, whether or not their pieces will be published. This we have so far found it impossible to do. Always selecting, as we do, *the very best matter we have on hand*, we find it impossible to tell how long any article will be among the best, when we are receiving new ones every day. At the beginning of every month, we "make up" a number; and, in doing so, we re-examine every contribution in our drawers. From these we make our choice. One we take because it is well-written and religious; another, because it is well-written and literary; another, because it is well-written and philosophical, or historical, or logical, or practical, or something else. Our object always is, not only to give a suitable variety, but in each number such a variety as will harmonize with itself. It is this that renders it difficult to comply with the above-named request. We ought to add, also, that another class of our contributors take the opposite ground, they having frequently requested us, in the event of our rejecting their articles, to say never a word about them. Between these opposing wishes, therefore, we have been compelled to act; but we think we have a plan for next year which will suit them both.

Our thanks are due to Bishop Hamline for his efficient exertions in our behalf during his recent journeyings through the east. He has brought to our notice several accomplished writers, whose productions will appear in future numbers of the Repository. For these and other favors we sincerely thank him; and yet a *gift* occasionally from his own *gifted* pen would lay us under a still heavier obligation.

We think we have authority to say, that the pen of Bishop Morris will not be idle, so soon as he gets through with his arduous summer's work.

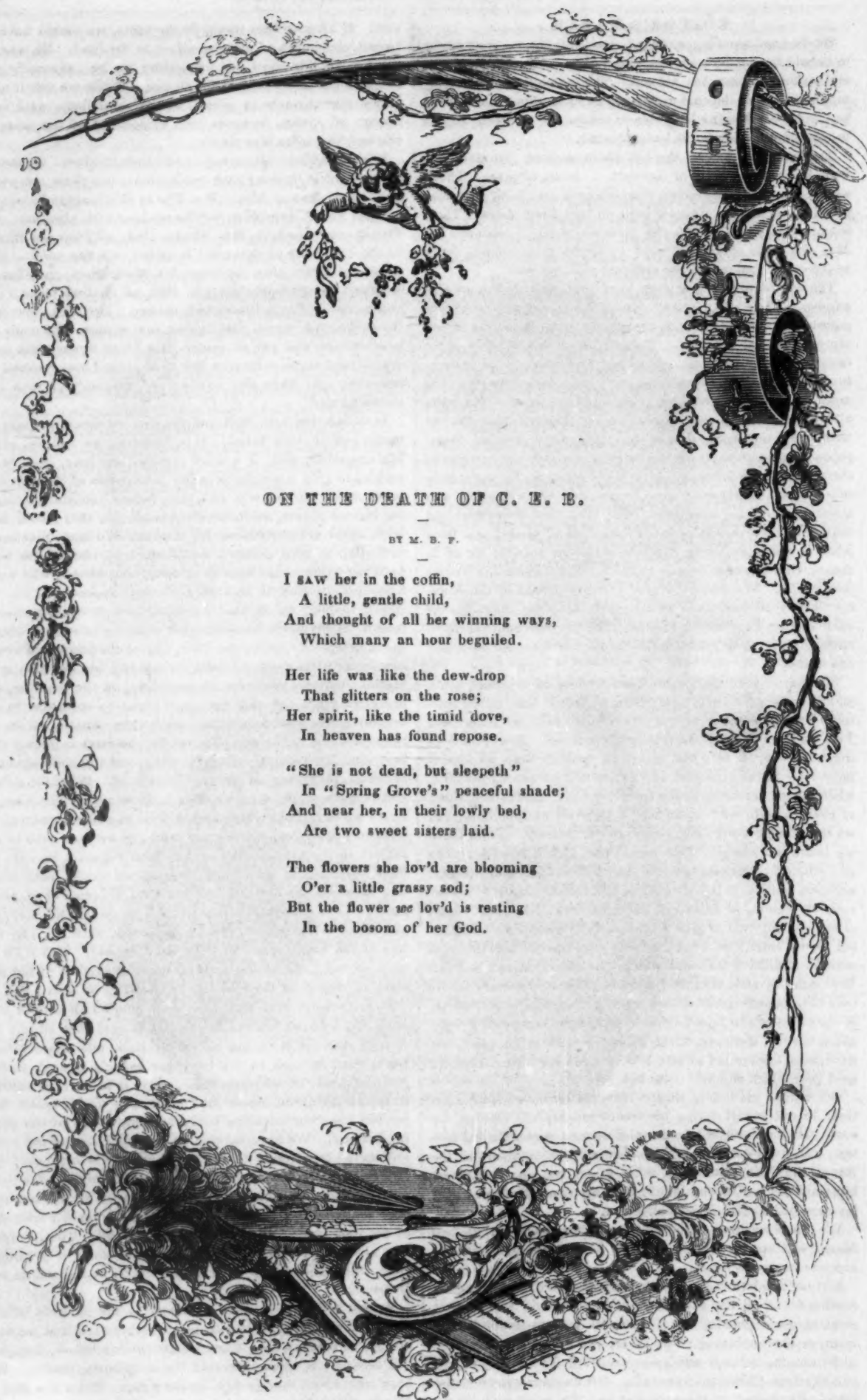
It is not too late in the year to obtain subscribers. They are coming to us all the while. A little effort will often effect great results. One of our Cincinnati pastors undertook to learn, at the beginning of the year, how many subscribers he could obtain, without any great exertion, for the Repository and Western Christian Advocate. His exertions covered the space of only two or three weeks; and the result was, *thirty* subscribers for the Advocate and *seventy-four* for the Reposi-

tory! If all preachers would do the same, we should have the largest circulation of any periodical in the land. He was entitled to his fifty cents per subscriber; but he generously gave his premium to the poor of his charge. While we solicit all to follow this example in getting us the subscribers, each is at liberty, of course, to make such disposition of the premium allowed him as he may please.

We are sending out several serial performances. Generally, we are not in favor of such productions; but there are exceptions to all general rules. The Trip to Washington by our esteemed friend, Jonathan, will be read up with pleasure. Our French correspondent, Mrs. Birney, (lady of Professor Birney, of the University at Bourges,) is giving us a fine series. Professor Larrabee, also, continues his Miscellanea, in reference to which a correspondent (A. Hill, of Sharon, Conn.) just now writes: "I love Professor Larrabee. He has a great soul. He makes me weep. He makes me rejoice. He pulls my heart-strings, and yet so gently, that I love to have him do it. And I want to go to heaven the more, that I may become acquainted, and have the privilege of associating, with such spirits as his."

In connection with such compliments we should perhaps say nothing of our own series. It is, however, we believe, generally conceded, that, if a work requires any long, dull, heavy articles to give it weight, it is the prerogative of the editor to write them; and we will add, that, before publishing a line of our current papers, we foresaw the reception they would meet with, about as clearly as we see it now. We knew that many, according to their custom, would not read one of the series until the whole could be read at once; that others, who would have the curiosity to read them as they appear, and the patience to hold on to that curiosity through each successive month, might be so unacquainted with the private history of the marriage of Charles the First, and of the household events connected with it, as to regard the whole a work of the imagination; but that there would be others, on the contrary, sufficiently acquainted with the great event to recognize in our articles nothing but *history* and *philosophy* written, not in the *narrative*, but in the *scenic* form: for the truth is plainly this, that what the historian states as *facts*, and the philosopher as *doctrines*, we present in *scenes*. That is all. What we give as *facts* are *facts*; and what we offer as *doctrines* are *doctrines*, so far as we have been able to learn from as close a study of the historic period, embraced in our story, as we ever gave to any subject in the world. We make these remarks, because we have received, as we clearly foresaw we would, both praise and dispraise for our articles; but both, it seems to us, are at present quite premature; since neither the design, the idea, nor the moral of the pieces, can be discerned, until the very last line of the entire series of them shall appear. This is all we have to say. As to the intrinsic merit or demerit of the articles, in regard to their *ability* or *inability* of style, and all that, our readers may have their own opinion all in their own way; for, with all our vanity—and it is said that editors are always vain—it is in our power to state one characteristic truth, that, so soon as we have got entirely through with a piece of work, of whatever kind, we cast it for ever entirely from our mind, and never look back to it again, unless it is pressed upon our attention beyond the possibility of our pushing it away. We have no eyes in the back side of our head, and never turn round to see what the world may say; for, though as easily gratified, and perhaps flattered, by the good opinion of our neighbors as other men, we are always too busy with something *in hand* to rejoice or trouble ourselves with any of our *past* literary efforts, either good or bad. That, reader, was always a personal, and we have now made it a historic fact! All the rest that is to be said shall be entirely as you please.

Having referred, in prior numbers, to the progress of the cholera in our midst, it is with great satisfaction that we now inform our readers, that it has almost entirely left us, though it still prevails, to some extent, in the neighboring towns. We have only about four or five deaths a day. Since the first of March, when the scourge began its course, it is supposed we have lost by cholera not less than six or seven thousand citizens!



ON THE DEATH OF C. E. E.

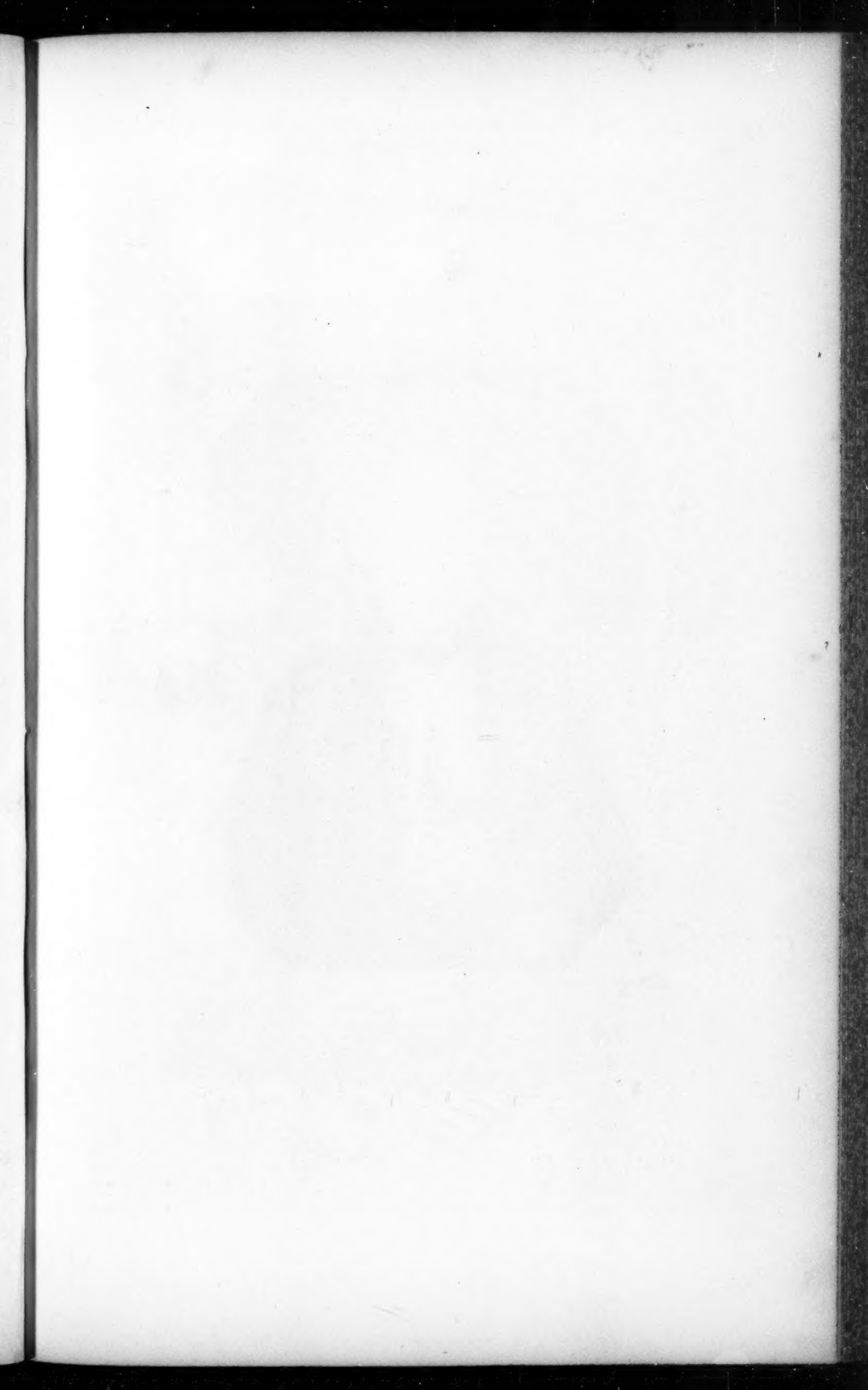
BY M. B. F.

I saw her in the coffin,
A little, gentle child,
And thought of all her winning ways,
Which many an hour beguiled.

Her life was like the dew-drop
That glitters on the rose;
Her spirit, like the timid dove,
In heaven has found repose.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth"
In "Spring Grove's" peaceful shade;
And near her, in their lowly bed,
Are two sweet sisters laid.

The flowers she lov'd are blooming
O'er a little grassy sod;
But the flower we lov'd is resting
In the bosom of her God.

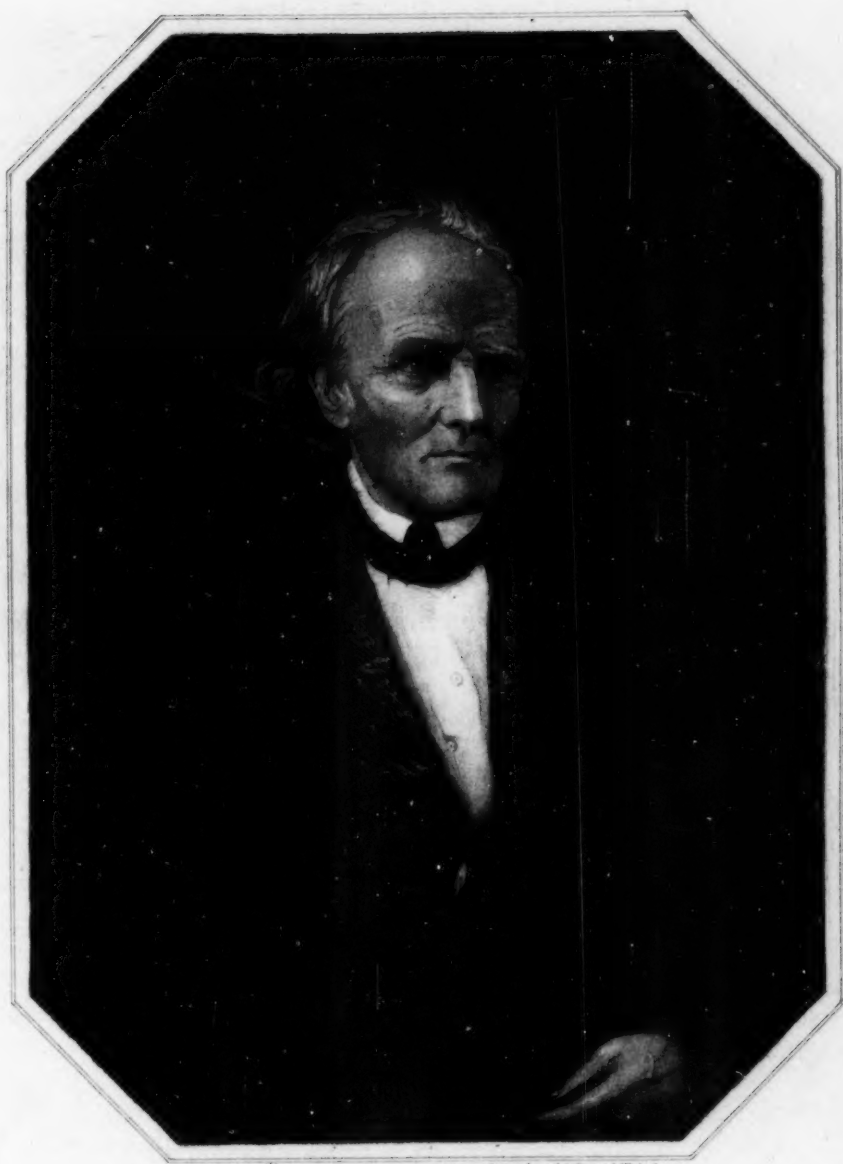




Engraved by A. Dick.

CANA OF GALILEE.

Drawn by J. H. P. S.



From Daguerre's

Drawn & Eng'd by C. A. Jewett & W. Anderson.

Saml. Williams

Eng'd Expressly for the Ladies Repository.

J. J. Middlebrooks, Printer.

